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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

Rivalry. By Henry Milton. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1840. Ollivier.

THIS is an amusing novel in the caricature style. A bachelor goes to a country village, where, though not rich, he is yet such an object of attraction that an old maid and a widow set their caps at him in the most determined fashion. The spinster attacks him through sentimental poetry, and the widow through good dinners; so that our friend has both his head and stomach stuffed by those who wish to carry off the prize. The other best-drawn characters are a weak wealthy lord, Forrester, the victim of a villain, and that villain, Tarleton, who, with fine intellect, has been betrayed into the downward path, and become the wretch we see. There is also an attached, blunt, old servant-woman, who is perhaps the most original figure in the piece; but the heroine, Clara, ought not to be passed without our saying, that she is superior to most personages of that class to whom we are introduced in the fictions of the day.

The style is easy and agreeable; and some of the scenes extremely well drawn. We select a wrestling-match as an example:—

"There now only remained the final trial between the two conquerors of the day, Lionel and Wheatley. A buzz of applause ran round the ring, as they approached each other, and good-humouredly shook hands. Two finer-looking young men, and more equally matched, perhaps never stood on the green turf in friendly opposition. Exactly the same age, the same height, and if there was any difference between them, it was that Wheatley was somewhat the heavier man; but in both, the symmetry of the limbs was perfect, and the muscles finely and equally developed; and they were both in the prime of health and strength. 'Do your best, Ned Wheatley,' said Lionel; 'I have had some practice since you and I stood up together last. You must be in earnest with me to-day.' 'I know I must, master Lionel,' answered Wheatley, 'there are so many pretty girls looking on.' The young men closed; and each, with perfect confidence, allowed his opponent leisurely to fasten his strong grasp on his jacket exactly as he pleased, and to alter it again and again. A mutual nod declared that each was satisfied, and the struggle began. Nothing can differ more than a wrestling-match, as seen by learned and unlearned eyes. The latter only perceive that two strong men are trying to pull each other to the ground; and when at length the one goes down, they are totally unable to tell why he then falls, or why he did not fall long before. But to the learned, every movement has its import and its interest. The moves in a game of chess, played by two skilful adversaries, have not more exact and defined purposes than every movement of the scientific wrestler. The same foresight is necessary, the same quickness to distinguish between a feigned and real attack, the same prompt decision, the same command of temper. In both games, each movement of the one player must be met and guarded against by the other, or yielded to for the purpose of

making the adversary expose himself still further. In both, there is no finer play than by intentional mistakes to throw your adversary off his guard, or to confuse him by changing, at the exact moment, a feigned, into a real attack. The two powerful young men, who now stood locked together, were perfect masters of the art. As children, as boys, and until the last three years, they had perpetually contended together. Each knew and each respected his opponent's skill, and yet each felt full confidence in himself. No match could well be more equal; Edward Wheatley might be somewhat the stronger man, but Walsingham was an accomplished fencer; and the rapidity of movement which that beautiful art gives more than counterbalanced this advantage, and indeed the fate of the day's contest turned upon it. Cautiously and by degrees they bent themselves to the struggle, each with keen and quick glances reading his adversary's intention in his eye. By both, feints were made, and by both disregarded, treacherous openings were given, and rejected with a smile, each movement of the one was met by a corresponding movement of the other, and the scale of victory hung with a level beam. They paused to take breath, and then the silent anxiety of the crowd was changed at once into shouts of 'Bravo! bravo! pretty play! pretty play! well done, soldier! well done, my lord!' The contest was resumed with equal caution and with equal strength, but its duration was much shorter. Wheatley made a skilful, but too bold attempt to close upon his opponent, it was foiled by Lionel; who, quick as thought, seized the advantage, and advancing his left side to his adversary, caught him on his hip. For an instant, Wheatley's feet appeared to cling to the ground; and then all power of resistance was lost, and he was whirled round like a wheel; his feet describing nearly an entire circle, and his back falling gently and fairly on the turf. The soldier in an instant sprang up good-humouredly; but, with a somewhat quick step, withdrew himself from observation, while deafening shouts of applause resounded on every side; then ceased, and then were again renewed."

Our next specimen is a good hint to album-writers. The hero writes in the old maid's book with malice prepense, and not the less so, as he also lends her Darwin's "Botany":—

"Horace.

When, Lydia, I was dear to thee;
When thy soft waist, and panting breast,
Were clasped by none, by none but me,
I lived than Persia's king more blest.

Lydia.

When you invoked no other love,
When Lydia was no second name,
For much was Lydia then approved
More bright than Lila's was my fame.

Horace.

The Cretan Chloe holds me now,
Skilled in each soft seductive art.
To death a willing slave I'd bow,
To screen my Chloe from the dart.

Lydia.

In mutual chains the Cyprian Boy
Has bound young Calais and me.
A thousand deaths I'd meet with joy,
From death my Calais to free.

Horace.

What, should our former loves return,
And bind our jarring hearts anew?
For Chloe should I cease to burn,
And spread again my arms to you?

Lydia.

Though he be fairer than the morn,
Thou light as cork, wild as the sea,
With thee to live, all else I'd scorn,
And willingly I'd die for thee.

The fair spinster read the lines again and again, and the more she dwelt upon them, the more she doubted whether their real import was not equivalent to a declaration of love. On this point she determined to consult Mrs. Wilkinson. But now a new source of painful terror bewildered her. Did not the second and third lines border on the indelicate? Were they such lines as should have a place in so pure an album as hers? Were they such lines as a precisely and perfectly virtuous man should send to the woman whom he intended to call his own? "Panting!" "Oh dear! oh dear!" cried Mrs. Chamberlayne, unable to give utterance to the still more objectionable word which followed; "and 'clasped!'—What am I to do? I would not have Mrs. Middleton see those two lines in my album for fifty pounds. Oh, I would give the world to know if Lydia was a moral character!" Miss Chamberlayne referred to a classical dictionary, which had formed a part of her school library, but with no success. She knew that she had met with the name in some book, but could not recollect where. It was either the Bible, or Rapin's 'History of England,' and she was certain that Lydia had been in business. As a bright thought, she again resorted to her 'Classical Dictionary,' and turned to the Life of Horace. Here the worst fears which the free expression of the fatal third line had suggested were realised, and the enormity of Hardinge's conduct revealed in all its black extent. What was she to do? Tear out the page, and give it to the flames? That was impossible.—The rest of the verses were so very, very pretty; and they were all so beautifully written." If necessity be often the mother of invention, so is modesty sometimes. Miss Chamberlayne had heard of indecorous pictures being covered with curtains, and she at once determined to remodel the plan, and adapt it to her own painful situation. A slip of pink riband was accordingly placed neatly over the two obnoxious lines, but fixed only at the extreme edges of the page, so as to enable them to be read by those who dared withdraw the veil; and on a bit of paper, skilfully gummed upon the riband, she inscribed, in her most distinct writing, the two admonitory words,

"Improper Below."

The suicide of Tarleton, under sentence of death for forgery, will shew the author's powers in another line; and with it we conclude our extracts:—

"The hours wore on. The two men who had been stationed in the cell throughout the day were relieved at night by two of their companions. These, as their predecessors had done, proffered the solace of their conversation and gaol-like sympathy to their charge, and like them were repelled. It was his wish, he

told them, to be left undisturbed to his own reflections. 'Well, master, all's one to us: read away, if it will do you more good than a little chat—I should think not; but you know best.' They placed themselves one on each side of the fire, and quietly made their arrangements for a night of watching, diversified by no other amusement than frequent libations of port; for at the urgent request of Tarleton, to whom the reek of tobacco was a deadly offence, they had been interdicted from smoking; and except a few words of broken conversation, they passed the night in silence; indulging one at a time, as if by an established system, in a short doze, which appeared in no degree to deaden their acute perception of every thing that took place around them. Tarleton was seated at a table in front of the fire, on which were several books; and the dull light of a single candle only faintly illumined the room. His person had been minutely searched after the parting interview with Emma Woodford and his son; and he knew that the scrutiny would be again repeated. The time which he selected for the removal of the minute poniard from its place of concealment was when his guardians were changed. There was then a great number of eyes around him; but he judged rightly that the bustle of the moment would be most favourable to his purpose; and unperceived the deadly instrument was secreted in his vest. Midnight was long past. The snatches of conversation between the two men became shorter, and their intervals of dog-sleep more lengthened; but they never amounted to a loss of consciousness; nor could the prisoner make the slightest movement without their perceiving it. Tarleton continued leaning over his volume, and appeared buried in its contents. He placed his right hand within his vest, but without altering his attitude, or casting a glance at his guardians. Both noticed the action—looked keenly at him for a moment, but nothing in his look or manner excited suspicion; and they resumed their semi-dormant state. Slowly and cautiously seizing the steel by its flattened end, he placed the point against his heart; and, with a steady hand, buried it once—twice—thrice—in his side. So little pain attended the wounds, that had he not felt each time a convulsive sensation as if a strong cord had been drawn tightly round his chest, he would have doubted whether the instrument had reached any vital part. A fourth time he drove it into his flesh, and with such force, that the highly tempered and brittle steel, striking against the rib, broke in the wound. The pain at the moment was so intense that he started; and both the men were at once on the alert; but he raised his left hand to his forehead, and, muttering aloud, 'My brain aches to distraction,' leant his head over the table. At length he felt the warm blood trickling down his side; he resumed the volume he had been studying, and strove to fix his mind on its contents; but in vain. Every faculty was strained to detect the first sensation of diminished strength; he feared that the blood had ceased to flow, or at least flowed so slowly, that no vital part could have been touched. The agonising fear now intruded itself, that the loss of blood, though not sufficient to destroy his life, would so enfeeble him, that when the ignominious hour came, he should disgrace himself by unmanly weakness. The idea filled him with horror, and dreadful was the period of suspense. The two men had been indulging in a longer conversation than usual: they now were silent, and a faint sound caught Tarleton's ear. Again and again it was repeated in

quick succession. It was his blood dropping on to the stone floor. Never in the happiest moment of his life had he felt joy so intense. He knew that he had freed himself from the degrading exhibition which his mind, morbidly sensitive, had dreaded a thousand times worse than death; and had dreaded more and more as each succeeding hour passed on. A new fear alarmed him; the sound was so distinct, so loud, for so it seemed to his excited sense, that the keepers must hear it: they would detect him, and even now frustrate his design. He looked from the one to the other; they appeared half asleep; he dared not by speaking attempt to drown the noise; for to arouse them would increase the danger. Before long he felt a sinking at the heart, and a calm, heavy sleepiness gained upon him: he hailed it with delight. The blood which flowed from his breast had found some other channel, and reached the floor without noise. He knew that it did reach it, for by degrees the floor around his chair became a pool of blood, which slowly extended itself towards the hearth. His strength began to fail: his eye dwelt once again on the page which had been his solace and delight, but its sense no longer reached him, and he sank back in his chair. The movement aroused one of the keepers. 'Well, master,' he said, 'how fares it by this time?' Tarleton returned a few words of answer, and the man, folding his arm, was again composing himself to sleep, when his eye glanced on the floor; he started up, and shouted in a voice of rage and alarm, 'Jim! Jim!—I say! hell and the devil! we are done! the man's killed himself!' They both rushed towards Tarleton, and, with rude violence uncovering his breast, perceived the wounds, from one of which the blood was slowly welling at intervals. He attempted no resistance, but said in a sarcastic tone, 'Your zeal is too late, sirs, I have escaped you.'

We have rather overstepped our rule of never meddling with plots; but we have been so much amused with that of *Rivalry*, that we could not resist the temptation of letting our readers a little behind the scenes, with which we would recommend them to become better acquainted.

The Bachelor's Walk in a Fog. Written by Myself, Peter Styles, Gent. 8vo. pp. 58. With Fifteen Lithographic Illustrations. London, 1840. Sherwood and Co.

THIS is a merry trifle, and would puzzle the gravest critic to comment upon it: the very preface "out-Herods Herod," and we cannot for a moment speak of it seriously. What can we look for in a book that has for its mottoes

"All round my hat."—MILTON.

"Flayre uppe."—CHAUCER.

but a "flare-up" in very deed? The work is not without merit, though the puns and the illustrations have a very "all-round-my-hat-things" look about them. It purports to give the "misfortunes dire" that befell a bachelor on a foggy day in London, and the poor wight is sorely beset. After having come in contact with a sweep, and been begrimed with "innocent blackness," our adventurer meets with another disaster.

"Oh! had you stood, as I then stood,
Soak'd through from head to heel,
If you had never felt before,
It would have made you feel.

My hat was crush'd, my coat half white,
My face 'a new compost';
Oh! I was pale enough to play
Young Hamlet's father's ghost.

Like one half-mad away I ran,
Whither I scarce can tell;
But if I ran not up Pall Mall,
I ran along 'pell-mell.'
By should I pause here to narrate
What folks were overthrown?
They might be rogues or honest men,
But that will never be known.
Till, brought up by an image boy,
Whose board went spinning round;
And all his casts, so neatly made,
Were cast upon the ground.
King, queen—the warlike Joan of Arc—
All dropp'd without a groan;
Napoleon fell—a second time
By Wellington o'erthrown.
Milton and Shakspeare, side by side,
Resign'd their mighty powers;
I tumbled down all 'Paradise,'
And shook 'the cloud-capt towers.'
'Oh what a falling off was there,'
Of statesmen, bards, and sages;
Were I to tell you half their names,
'Twould fill up all my pages.
And there I stood—half white, half black—
A pitiable sight;
I seemed a Blackamoor kick'd out,
When only scrubb'd half white.
An organ-grinder, who stood by,
And gazed in wild amaze,
Struck up, to clear away the fog,
'The light of other days.'
I ran along—I durst not stay—
I never look'd behind;
I knew that I had lost my purse,
And pity is but wind.
Some cried, 'Flare up!' but on I ran;
I durst not stay to wrangle;
One said, 'How are you off for soap?'
And, 'Have you sold your mangle?'

Another extract, the "Invocation to the Muses," and we must bid farewell to trifling, for the work has no pretension to a higher vein:—

"Invocation to the Old Nine Muses.

Indwellers of the purple-footed clouds!
Ye azure-lidded, sky-clad, starry singers;
Come, cast aside your silvery-floating shrouds,
'Tis Peter Styles that calls you—ye verse-ringers!
'They come not! well, I'll try another strain,
And tempt them if I can.—Here goes again.'
Ale sacred Nine! perhaps there may be more;
If so, I've brew'd sufficient for ye all.
Ale sacred Nine, ten, twelve, thirteen, a score!
Ye must be deaf; oh! how one's forced to bawl.
Beer sacred Nine! if ale's too strong—before
I'll beg and pray thus loud to you, I'll scrawl
Without your help.—He who these lines peruses,
Know that I do disband the whole Nine Muses,
Because they won't come to me when I chusE."

The Countess of Salisbury. By ALEXANDER DUMAS. *And the Maid of Corinth.* 3 vols. 12mo. Bentley.

THE historical romance which Scott shewed the French authors could be planted with singular effect on the French soil, has had no cultivator more able than Alexander Dumas, and his *Countess of Salisbury* is altogether a very favourable example of this species of composition. It occupies the first and second of these volumes and is less the history of the Countess of Salisbury than of the wars of our Edward the Third in France, which are described with great spirit. The opening chapter, the Feast of the Heron, is vividly brought before the reader; and the variety of oaths then registered, and afterwards so faithfully kept, are inscribed in expressive language. Edward's journey as his own ambassador to Flanders is very interesting, and gives curious pictures of the age and some of its prominent characters. From so connected a narrative it is not possible to separate an extract which can afford any idea of the whole; so we must content ourselves with saying that it is full of variety and interest, and extremely well translated. The third volume is devoted to Roman history and the loves of the Emperor Nero and a beautiful Greek girl; the style is totally different, the language more refined and softened. As a specimen, the departure of Acte from Corinth is thus described:—

"My beloved Acte, wilt thou not profit by the rising sun to come and breathe the pure morning air?" There was a tone in his voice, however inwardly calm and gentle, which thrilled, and if we may so express it, vibrated with a metallic sound, which Acte now remarked for the first time; so that an instinctive sentiment, nearly allied to fear, sunk so deeply into her heart, that, instead of replying, she rose to obey. Her strength did not second her will, and she would have fallen, if Lucius had not sprung forward and supported her; she then felt herself borne in her lover's arms, with the same facility as an eagle would have carried off a dove, and trembling, without asking herself the cause of her terror, she allowed herself to be taken away silently, and with her eyes closed, as though the journey was to end in a precipice. She felt herself revived when she got to the deck of the vessel; the breeze was so pure and so perfumed; besides, when no longer in Lucius's arms, she gained sufficient courage to open her eyes. She found herself lying on the taffrail of the poop, in a hammock of golden meshes, fastened on one side to the mast, and on the other to a little carved pillar, which appeared designed for a support. Lucius was standing near her leaning against the mast. During the night, the vessel which had been favoured by the wind, had quitted the gulf of Corinth, and doubling Cape Elis, had passed between Zacynthos and Cephalonia; the sun appeared to be rising between these two islands, and his first rays beamed on the chain of mountains which separates them in two parts, while the western side was still plunged in shade. Acte was ignorant where she was, and turning to Lucius, inquired, 'If that was still Greece?' 'Yes,' said Lucius, 'and this perfume which is wafted to us as a last adieu, is from the roses of Samos, and the orange-trees of Zacynthos; there is no winter for these twin sisters, which expand to the sun like a basket of flowers. My beautiful Acte, shall I build a palace for thee in each of these islands?' 'Lucius,' said Acte, 'thou frightenest me at times, by making me promises which a god alone could perform. Who art thou, and what dost thou conceal from me? art thou Thundering Jupiter? and dost thou fear, in appearing to me in all thy splendour, thy thunderbolt would consume me as it did Semele of old?' 'Thou art mistaken,' said Lucius, smiling; 'I am only a poor singer to whom an uncle left all his fortune, on condition that I should bear his name; my only power is in my love, Acte, but I feel that with this support I could undertake the twelve labours of Hercules.' 'Thou lovest me, then?' the damsel inquired. 'Yes, my soul!' Lucius replied. And the Roman uttered these words in so true and energetic a tone, that his mistress raised her hands towards heaven, as if in thankfulness for her bliss; for at that moment she had forgotten every thing, and regret and remorse vanished from her mind, like her country, which disappeared in the horizon."

Altogether, we cordially recommend these volumes as very pleasant summer-reading companions; upon which the few hours bestowed will be well and agreeably spent.

MEMOIRS OF SIR SAMUEL ROMILLY.

[Second notice.]

IN 1784, Sir S. first met the celebrated Count de Mirabeau; and in 1789 we find him at Paris, in the heart of the movements then hastening France on to her fatal crisis.

"I had (he tells us) a letter from Lord Lansdowne to Necker; I was acquainted with the

Bishop of Chartres, a deputy to the States; and by these various means I saw a great number of the persons who were most distinguished as speakers in the Assembly. I was very frequent in my attendance there, and often heard Mounier, Barnave, Lally-Tolendal, Thouret, Maury, Casales, and D'Epresmenil, who were some of the speakers at that time most looked up to by the different parties. I heard Robespierre; but he was then so obscure, and spoke with so little talent or success, that I have not the least recollection of his person. I met the Abbé Sieyès several times at the Bishop of Chartres; he was the bishop's *aumonier*, and a person of whose talents he entertained the highest opinion. Sieyès was of a morose disposition, said little in company, and appeared to have a full sense of his own superiority, and great contempt for the opinions of others. He was, however, when I saw him, greatly out of humour with the Assembly, and with every body who had concurred in its decree for the abolition of tithes, and seemed to augur very ill of the revolution. While I was at Versailles, he published his defence of tithes, with this motto prefixed to it,—"Il s'en veut être libres, et ils ne savent pas être justes." At the Bishop of Chartres, too, I sometimes met with Pétion, a man who appeared to me to have neither talents nor vices which could enable him to have so great and so unfortunate an influence on public affairs as he afterwards appeared to have. What struck me as most remarkable in the dispositions of the people that I saw, was the great desire that every body had to act a great part, and the jealousy which in consequence of this was entertained of those who were really eminent. It seemed as if all persons, from the highest to the lowest, whether deputies themselves, declaimers in the Palais Royal, orators in the coffee-houses, spectators in the gallery, or the populace about the door, looked upon themselves individually as of great consequence in the revolution. The man who kept the hôtel at which I lodged at Paris, a certain M. Villars, was a private in the National Guard. Upon my returning home on the day of the benediction of their colours at Notre Dame, and telling him that I had been present at the ceremony, he said, 'You saw me, sir?' I was obliged to say that I really had not. He said, 'Is that possible, sir? You did not see me! Why I was in one of the first ranks—all Paris saw me.' I have often since thought of my host's childish vanity. What he spoke was felt by thousands. The most important transactions were as nothing, but as they had relation to the figure which each little, self-conceited hero acted in them. To attract the attention of all Paris, or of all France, was often the motive of conduct in matters which were attended with most momentous consequences. The confidence which they felt in themselves, and their unwillingness to be informed by persons capable of giving them information, was not a little remarkable. I was dining one day at M. Necker's, at Versailles, at a great dinner, at which many of the deputies were present; amongst others, M. Mallouet, a man of considerable eminence. It was a day in which great tumult had prevailed in the National Assembly, and the Bishop of Langres, who was then the president, had rung his bell to command silence till he had broken it; but all had been in vain. The conversation turned upon this. Mallouet observed, that in the English House of Commons the greatest order prevailed, and that this was accomplished by dint of the great authority vested in the Speaker, who had power, if any

member behaved disorderly, to impose silence on him by way of punishment for two months, or any other limited period of time. M. Necker turned round to me as the only Englishman present, and asked me if this was so. M. Mallouet had been so positive and bold in his assertion, that I thought the most polite way in which I could contradict him was to say that I had never heard of it. But this only served to give that gentleman an opportunity of shewing his great superiority over me. I might not, he said, have heard of it, but of the fact there was not the least doubt. Mirabeau was acting a great part during the whole time that I was at Versailles; and it was not surprising that he was a little intoxicated by the applause and admiration which he received. He was certainly a very extraordinary man, with great defects undoubtedly, but with many very good qualities; possessed of great talents himself, and having a singular faculty of bringing forward and availing himself of the talents of others. He was a great plagiarist; but it was from avarice, not poverty, that he appropriated to himself the views and the eloquence of others. Whatever he found forcible or beautiful, he considered as a kind of common property which he might avail himself of, and which he ought to make the most of to promote the objects he had in view; and, notwithstanding all that has been said against him, I am well convinced that both in his writings and in his speeches he had what he sincerely conceived to be the good of mankind for his object. He was vain, and he was inordinately ambitious; but his ambition was to act a noble part, and to establish the liberty of his country on the most solid foundations. He was very unjustly accused of having varied in his politics, and of having gone over to the court. From the beginning, and when he was the idol of the people, he always had it in view to establish a limited monarchy in France upon the model of the British constitution. That at the time when the democratical leaders in France had far other projects in contemplation, he was in secret correspondence with the court, and that he received money from the king I think highly probable; and the gross immorality of such conduct I am not disposed to justify, or even to palliate. But those who believe that he suffered himself to be bribed to do what his own heart and judgment condemned, and that, unbribed, he would have acted a very different part, do him, in my opinion, and I had frequent opportunities of hearing his sentiments at the different periods when I was intimately acquainted with him, very great injustice. I have already spoken of his relaxed morality and of his vanity. In matters of indifference, ay, and sometimes in matters of importance too, the placing himself in an advantageous point of view to those whose applause or admiration he courted, far outweighed the interests of truth. Among many instances of this kind, which came within my own observation, there was one so remarkable that I cannot forbear to mention it. In one of the early numbers of the 'Courrier de Provence,' in which Mirabeau wrote himself, he represents Mounier as saying in the National Assembly that it was corruption which had destroyed England, and himself, as very happily turning that extravagant hyperbole into ridicule, by exclaiming upon the important news so unexpectedly communicated to the Assembly of the destruction of England, and asking when and in what form that remarkable event had been brought about? The truth, however, is, that of all this not a

single word was uttered in the Assembly. Neither Mounier nor any other person talked of the destruction of England; neither Mirabeau nor any other person made any such reply as he assumes to himself. The whole origin of this fiction was, that while Mirabeau was writing his 'Courrier de Provence,' exactly what he has stated passed in a private conversation, at which he was present. Brissot de Warville used the words which he has ascribed to Mounier, and Dumont those which he has claimed for himself. He thought the dialogue too good and too happily expressed to be lost; he made himself the hero of it, and placed the scene in the National Assembly; and this, though he well knew that Brissot, Dumont, Mounier, and all the members of the Assembly, could give evidence of the falsehood of his statement, and which, indeed, Mounier took occasion formally to do in the justification of his own conduct, which he not long afterwards published. Of all Mirabeau's extraordinary talents, his faculty of availing himself of the knowledge and abilities of others was perhaps the most extraordinary. As an author, he has published the works of others, and, with their permission, under his own name, and as if they were his own. The eight octavo volumes which he published on the Prussian Monarchy were entirely, as to every thing but the style, the work of M. de Mauvillon. His tracts upon finance were Clavière's; the substance of his work on the Cincinnati was to be found in an American pamphlet; his pamphlet on the opening of the Scheldt was Benjamin Vaughan's; and I once saw him very eager to undertake a great work on geography, of which he was totally ignorant, in the expectation that M. de Rochette, a geographer of great merit, and with whom he had contracted great intimacy, would supply him with all the materials for it. As an orator, he on many occasions delivered in the National Assembly speeches as his own, which had been composed for him by others; and so much confidence had he in the persons who thus contributed to establish his reputation, that he has sometimes, to my knowledge, read at the tribune of the Assembly speeches which he had not even cast his eyes upon before, and which were as new to himself as to his admiring audience."

To this interesting sketch we add another of Diderot, which seems worthy to pair with it:—

"You ask what I think of Diderot. I did not suppose you would have thought that question necessary, when you had read the account of my visit. With respect to the atheists of Paris, among honest men there can hardly be two opinions. A man must be grossly stupid who can entertain such pernicious notions on subjects of the highest importance without strictly examining them; and much is he to be pitied if, after examination, he still retains them; but if, without examination of them, and uncertain of their truth, though certain of their fatal consequences, he industriously propagates them among mankind, one loses all compassion for him in abhorrence of his guilt. He is like a man infected with some deadly contagious disease, for whom one's heart bleeds while he submits in secrecy to his fate; but when one sees him running in the midst of a multitude, with the infernal design of communicating the pestilence to his fellow-creatures, indignation and horror take the place of pity. I am not vain enough to pronounce what is the extent of Diderot's and D'Alembert's learning and capacity; but, without an over-sound opinion of myself, I may judge of

the subordinate atheists, the mob of the Republic of Letters, the Plebeians who have no opinions but what those their arbitrary tribunes dictate to them; and in these I have generally found the grossest ignorance. The cause of modern atheism, I believe, like that of the atheism of antiquity, as Plato represents it, is the most dreadful ignorance, disguised under the name of the sublimest wisdom. You do well to say that Plato does not favour their opinions. I fear these self-erected idols of modern philosophy, had they been born among the philosophical magnates, would have been but outcasts and exiles; for, if you have read Plato lately, you will remember that, among his laws, some were to be enacted for maintaining an uniformity of language in matters of religion in all times and places, in all writings and conversations; others for obliging all men to worship the gods with the same ceremonies, and to prohibit all private sacrifices; others, again, for inflicting the severest punishments on any who should dare maintain that the wicked can be happy, or that the useful can be distinguished from the just. So totally does the authority of the ancients, on which the advocates for unbounded toleration build so much, upon occasion fall them."

Of Lord George Gordon's riots there are many curious particulars, but we quote only a few words on the subject—the sentiments of the writer, after mentioning the address of the Lords to the King that the authors' abettors and instruments of these outbreaks should be prosecuted with rigour. Sir S. observes, "Severity is a very dangerous instrument for suppressing religious fury. You know how often the guiltiest sufferers in such a cause are elevated into martyrs, and how a fanatical preacher may work upon his hearers to court a death which is instantly to be rewarded with a crown of glory."

The next portion of the work consists of the correspondence from 1792, and touches a good deal on the revolutionary movements in France. Thereon we have some strongly-marked opinions; for instance, in a letter to Dumont:—

"I observe that in your letter you say nothing about France, and I wish I could do so too, and forget the affairs of that wretched country altogether; but that is so impossible, that I can scarcely think of any thing else. How could we ever be so deceived in the character of the French nation as to think them capable of liberty!—wretches, who, after all their professions and boasts about liberty, and patriotism, and courage, and dying, and after taking oath after oath, at the very moment when their country is invaded and an enemy is marching through it unresisted, employ whole days in murdering women, and priests, and prisoners! * Others, who can deliberately load whole wagons full of victims, and bring them like beasts to be butchered in the metropolis; and then (who are worse even than these) the cold instigators of these murders, who, while blood is streaming round them on every side, permit this carnage to go on, and reason about it, and defend it, nay, even applaud it, and talk about the example they are setting to all nations! One might as well think of establishing a republic of tigers in some forest in Africa, as of maintaining a free government among such monsters."

Dumont's answer from Bowood shews how Reformers' hopes may be disappointed, and their initiatory proceedings punished, when

* "The massacres at Paris took place on the 23d, 3d, and 4th of September."

they have gone too far, and others will not suffer them nor revolution to stop:—

"I walk about half the day in a state of the greatest agitation, from the impossibility of remaining still, with my thoughts fixed upon all the sad events which are flowing from a source whence we had flattered ourselves human happiness was to arise. Let us burn all our books, let us cease to think and dream of the best system of legislation, since men make so diabolical a use of every truth and every principle. Who would believe that with such noble maxims it would be possible for men to give themselves over to such excesses, and that a constitution, the most extravagant in point of freedom, should appear to these savages the code of tyranny! The past is hideous; but what is still more frightful is, that there is nothing to expect, nothing to hope, from the future. We shall see nothing but destruction and massacre. Unless France should separate into a great number of independent states, it is impossible to form an idea in what way order is to be re-established."

A very remarkable and sad story of a man murdered in consequence of a *too clever defence*, will close our extracts for this number:—

"A case has been lately laid before the attorney-general and me, by direction of the Lords of the Admiralty, to consider of the expediency of prosecuting for a libel the printer of a weekly newspaper called the 'Independent Whig,' which has brought some facts to our knowledge that demand the most serious attention. A sailor of the name of Thomas Wood was tried by a court-martial at Plymouth on the 6th of October last, on a charge of having been concerned in the mutiny and murders which were committed on board the *Hermione*. It was in September, 1797, that the mutiny took place; and the prisoner being only, as was supposed, of the age of twenty-five when he was tried, could not have been more than sixteen when the crime was committed. The fact was proved but by a single witness: that witness, however, who was the master of the *Hermione*, swore positively that the prisoner, who, he said, at that time bore the name of James Hayes, was the very man whom he remembered on board the *Hermione*; and that he saw him taking a very active part in the mutiny. Notwithstanding the positive oath of the witness thus identifying the prisoner, yet, as the witness said that he had never seen the prisoner since, and as the appearance of a man generally changes very considerably in the nine years which elapse between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five, little reliance could be had on such testimony. It was, however, the only evidence in support of the prosecution. But what was wanting in the evidence for the crown was supplied by the prisoner's defence. It was delivered in, in writing, and was, in truth, a supplication for mercy rather than a defence. The following passage contains the whole substance:—"At the time when the mutiny took place, I was a boy in my fourteenth year. Drove by the torrent of mutiny, I took the oath administered to me on the occasion. The examples of death which were before my eyes drove me for shelter amongst the mutineers, dreading a similar fate with those that fell, if I sided with, or shewed the smallest inclination for mercy;" and then follow entreaties for compassion on his youth, and a declaration that he had not enjoyed an hour's repose of mind since the event took place. The court found him guilty; he was sentenced to be hanged; and, on the 17th of October, the sentence was

executed. In the meantime, his brother and sister, who were in London, heard of his situation, and made application at the Admiralty. They insisted that their brother was innocent; that he was not even on board the *Hermione*, but was serving as a boy in the *Marlborough*, at Portsmouth, at the time the mutiny took place; they procured a certificate of this fact from the Navy Office, and transmitted it to Plymouth, where it arrived previous to the execution. The guilt of the prisoner, however, appeared so manifest from his own defence, that no regard was paid to the certificate, and the execution took place. This proceeding was animadverted on in the 'Independent Whig,' in several successive papers, with very great severity. The members of the court-martial called upon the Lords of the Admiralty to punish the author of these libels; and, in consequence of this, they were laid before us. The attorney-general suggested, at the consultation, the propriety of making some inquiry into the fact before the prosecution was instituted. We neither of us entertained any doubt of the man's guilt; but yet the attorney-general thought that it would be advisable, to be able to remove all possible suspicion upon that point. An inquiry was accordingly set on foot by the solicitor of the Admiralty; the result of which was that the man was perfectly innocent, and was at Portsmouth, on board the *Marlborough*, when the crime was committed in the *Hermione*. He had applied to another man to write a defence for him; and he had read it, thinking it calculated to excite compassion, and more likely to serve him than a mere denial of the fact. The attorney-general prevented any prosecution of the printer."

HANSARD'S BOOK OF ARCHERY.

[Second notice: conclusion.]

We promised our readers a second shot at archery; and we cannot display more accuracy than from Alexander Cockburn's details of his wanderings on the shores of the Isthmus of Darien:—

"After describing how these hospitable Indians detained him several days in order that he might recruit his strength, and heal with the juice of herbs the wounds he had received in 'fencing with the rocks,' he adds, that the two boys grew extremely attached to him, and were curious to know whether he could use a bow and arrows. Having made them understand, in broken Spanish, that he was entirely unacquainted with them, because, in his own country, guns only were used, they often displayed astonishing feats of dexterity by striking down the smallest bird flying. He says that he has seen them stand perhaps a hundred yards from a bird feeding upon the ground, and, by shooting directly upwards, cause the arrow to pin it to the earth; and mentions, as a further instance of their skill, that they would stick a shaft upright, and, retreating a great way off, shoot perpendicularly as before, when the arrow so shot descended exactly upon the other which was fixed in the ground, and split it in two."

William Tell, or Robin Hood, could not excel this; but we pass to other points:—

"A perusal of those laws which, until within the last two centuries, make the use of the bow compulsory on all male children, will show there is nothing 'strange or singular' in the shooting matches which once prevailed at all our public schools, and which were retained by a small number until within a comparatively recent period. At many, as Eton, the college school of Warwick, &c., the custom may be

recognised in the appellations still borne by a portion of their respective play-grounds: in the former styled 'shooting fields,' in the latter 'butts.'"

To prevent the monopoly of foreign bow-staves, numerous regulations were also passed, one of which I here present to the reader, because it has escaped the notice of previous writers. It is found in a volume of statutes, without date, in the library of Earl Spencer.—'Item, for as much as the great and ancient defence of this realm hath stood by the archers and shooters, which is now fallen to decay from the dearth and excessive price of long bows, it is therefore ordained, that if any person or persons sell any long bow over the price of three shillings and four pence, then the seller or sellers of such bow to forfeit, for every bow so sold, the sum of x shillings to the king.'"

We may observe, that other games and sports were often forbidden, in order that they might not interfere with, or seduce the people from, practice with the bow. But homeward!—

"The Ancient and Worshipful Company of Stringers still survive. They possess a hall somewhere in the city of London, although their vocation has long ceased. I believe few bowstrings are now made in England, the great mart being Flanders, where both materials and workmanship are excellent. * * * The woods used for modern arrows are lance-wood, lime, asp, deal, and poplar. Of the last, the French and Flemings make theirs, and call it arbele. Lance and lime are confined to roving shafts. Of deal the fletcher chooses the linteels, doors, and wainscoting of old houses, in preference to new timber. I once saw some very beautiful arrows, which Waring sent into the country, with a note, stating that they were made from deal upwards of a century old; yet the white wood he commonly manufactures is so truly excellent, that it leaves nothing for the archer to desire. In early ages they seem to have preferred asp for making war arrows. The poet Spenser, when enumerating the different kinds of trees indigenous to the British isles, and the uses to which their timber was applied in his time, speaks of

'The sailing fir, the cypress death to plaine,

'The shooter cugh, the aspe for shaftes so faire.'

The vast consumption, indeed monopoly, which the public service thus created, was productive of a very droll contest between the fletchers and another class of men, of a somewhat less romantic calling, viz. the 'poure patyn makers of London.' In the early part of Henry V.'s reign the former presented a memorial, praying that these patten makers might be altogether prevented from using asp, which, it appears, they had gradually been substituting for willow, alder, &c.; and, in consequence, asp-wood was become so scarce that sufficient could not be procured for arrows, which had been greatly increasing in price. Independently of its fairness, a request of this nature might be expected to awaken the fullest sympathy in the breast of the warlike Henry. Little more than a twelvemonth had elapsed, since, at the head of his yeomen archers, he

'Cropped the fleurs-de-lis of France,'

and made its monarch a tributary of the British crown. The fletchers were, therefore, protected by a penalty of 100s. on every pair of clogs thenceforward manufactured of asp-wood; but, as this regulation was very severely felt by the traders in these articles, which, it would appear, the miry condition of London streets in the fifteenth century rendered indispensable to both sexes, 'the poure patyn makers' got up a

counter-petition, in which their grievances are thus pathetically enlarged upon:—'Mekely beseechen unto your noble wisdomes, the pouere felship of the crafte of patymakers, piteously complaynyng of the grevous hurtes and losses that other persons, sometyne of this oure crafte, now dede, and alsoe your beseechers have of long tyme borne and sustained. It is soe, righte worshipfull sirs, that the sayde tymbre of aspe is the best and lightest tymbre to make patyns and clogges, and most easiest for the wear of all estate gentils, and all other the king's people, of any tymbre that groweth. And there is much tymbre of aspe that will in no wise serve the fletchers to make arrowes of, which is as sufficient, able, and accordinge to make into patyns and clogges, as is the remnant of the said tymbre to make arrowes.' The privy council contrived to keep the peace between both litigants. They issued an order, allowing their petitioners the use of all such asp-wood as, from its length, knottiness, or cross-grain, was rejected by the rival craftsmen."

Mr. Catlin, whose American Exhibition is now so deservedly popular at the Egyptian Hall, states that these puny-looking arrows which we see there are discharged with such force that they will pierce right through a buffalo, and wound or kill one on the other side; but we pause to conclude with a soter specimen of the weapon, and in fairer hands. In Persia—

"The butts consist of moistened sand, inclosed in a wooden frame, and beaten into a hard compact mass. These are set up in a slanting direction at the boundary of some verdant alley, where the overarching branches of vine and orange-tree exclude the fierceness of an eastern sun. Consistent with that gorgeous taste so prevalent throughout the East, the whole exterior of the butt is covered with elegant scroll-work and patterns of flowers. Gold and silver, intermingled with various pigments of the most brilliant hues, are lavishly employed to produce this effect. A female Abyssinian slave stands beside the mark, provided with a large round pebble, to form and preserve an unbroken hollow in the centre, and at this cavity every arrow is directed. She repeats the operation several times whilst her mistresses are shooting; for the triumph of Persian archery consists, not merely in a central shot, but also in making the arrow penetrate deeply into the sand at every discharge. At the termination of their sport, these fir butt shooters scrupulously conform to a remarkable custom, which, from remote antiquity, has prevailed among Persian bowmen of the other sex. Know, ladies, the followers of the Prophet divide themselves into two great sects, who hate each other with a cordiality worthy of the most polished nation of Europe. The Persians are devout-followers of the Caliph Ali, and regard the Turks and other disciples of his antagonist, Omar, as a sort of Mahomedan heretic. To assist in perpetuating the memory of this religious feud, the Persian archer, on discharging his arrow at the mark for the last time, fails not to pronounce the charitable aspiration of 'Ter a kir dirild Omar!'—Would that this arrow might bury itself in the heart of Omar! It must be highly amusing to witness the affected change which comes o'er the spirit of these orthodox beauties, whilst thus denouncing the heretic caliph. Gay, innocent, and thoughtless, it were absurd to suppose they have the least real feeling on such a subject. Still, like prattling parrots, their lesson is repeated, with many a pretty indication of dis-

pleasure, akin to that of the 'wrathful dove, and most magnanimous mouse.' Eyes which, a moment before, beamed with the softest expression, now dart forth flashes of anger, like the opening storm-cloud. Pretty mouths, so lately wreathed in smiles, are tortured into an expression of the most inveterate contempt. But, no sooner does the glancing shaft quiver within its destined mark, than Ali as well as Omar are consigned to oblivion; and songs, and laughter, merry and musical as the chime of silver bells, again re-echo through the perfumed walks of their magnificent pleasure-garden. Bows, arrows, and the costly sein,* are speedily abandoned to the attendant slaves; and, with a zest which their recent occupation is so well calculated to supply, the fair revellers hurry off to

'Taste the goods the gods provide them,' in the splendid luxuries of an Oriental banquet."

Our own modern archery associations and feats are so often described in the newspapers, that we deem it unnecessary to advert to the Gwent Bowman's accounts of them, or of the exploits in his native Wales, which he fails not to magnify with genuine patriot feeling. It is a healthful and beautiful exercise, and would well become the Queen herself, who, we fancy, never handled a bow, except in the frontispiece to this volume, where she is shooting very gallantly.

BENNETT'S VOYAGE ROUND THE GLOBE. [Second notice.]

WE return with pleasure to Mr. Bennett's various topics, and there are none of them perhaps more striking, even in the whole circle of the globe, than the descriptions he gives us of the innumerable hosts of life that animate the boundless waves:—

"At midnight, on the 1st of December, in lat. 19° N., long. 107° W. (half way between the group of Revilla-gigedo and the continent of America), the sea around us presented one uniform milk-white and luminous expanse, as far as the eye could see from the mast-head. It emitted a faint light, like that which attends the dawn of day, and bore a near resemblance to a field of snow reflecting the rays of the moon; the horizon being strongly defined, by the contrast of its bright and silver hue with the murky darkness of the sky above. Close to the ship the water appeared brighter than elsewhere, and the dashing of the waves against her bows produced brilliant flashes of light; but it occurred very strangely, that although the waves could be heard lifting in the ordinary manner, it was difficult to perceive them; and the sea appeared as one tranquil, unbroken surface. A net and a bucket were employed to ascertain the cause of this phenomenon. The former captured nothing but a few medusæ, of no phosphorescent power; and the water taken up by the bucket, though it was thickly studded with luminous points, contained no tangible bodies. A shoal of porpoises came around us at this time; and as they sported in the luminous ocean, darting rapidly beneath the surface, their dark bodies enveloped, as it were, in liquid fire, they tended to complete a scene which, if correctly pictured, would appear rather as the fiction of a fairy tale than the effect of natural causes. This sudden and mysterious change in the appearance of the sea occasioned an alarm of shoals; and the lead was cast, but no soundings could be obtained. Nevertheless, the ship was hove-to till day-

* "Thumb-rings for drawing the bowstring."

break, when, as the sun arose, the luminous aspect of the water as gradually disappeared, and gave place to the normal blue tint of a clear colour."

A preceding account is still more instinct with animal existence:—

"During a dark and calm night, with transient squalls of rain, in lat. 43° S., long. 79° W., the sea presented an unusually luminous appearance. While undisturbed, the ocean emitted a faint gleam from its bosom, and when agitated by the passage of the ship, flashed forth streams of light, which illuminated the sails and shone in the wake with great intensity. A net, towing alongside, had the appearance of a ball of fire followed by a long and sparkling train; and large fish, as they darted through the water, could be traced by the scintillating lines they left upon its surface. The principal cause of this phosphorescent appearance was ascertained by the capture of numerous medusæ, of flat and circular form, light-pink colour, and eight inches in circumference; the body undulated at the margin, spread with small tubercles on its upper surface, and bordered with a row of slender tentacles, each five feet long, and stinging sharply when handled. The centre of the under surface was occupied by a circular orifice, or mouth, communicating with an ample interior cavity, and surrounded by four short and tubular appendages, which, when conjoined, resembled the stalk of a mushroom—a plant to which the entire animal bore much resemblance in form. When captive, the creature displayed a power of folding the margin of the body inwards; but its natural posture in the water was with the body spread out, and the tentacles pendent. When disturbed, this medusa emitted from every part of its body a brilliant greenish light, which shone without intermission as long as the irritating cause persisted, but when that was withdrawn the luminosity gradually subsided. The luminous power evidently resided in a slimy secretion which enveloped the animal, and which was freely communicated to water, as well as to any solid object. When thus detached, it could be made to exhibit the same phosphoric phenomena as the medusa itself; hence, it is reasonable to suppose, that the gleam of the ocean arose no less from the luminous matter detached from these creatures than from that which adhered to them; and I was further satisfied on this point, when I found that immersing the medusa in perfectly clear and fresh water communicated to that fluid all the scintillating properties of a luminous sea. Though the discovery of these medusæ was a satisfactory explanation of the phosphorescent appearance of the water, I had yet to learn that the latter effect was partly produced by living, bony, and perfectly organised fish: such fish were numerous in the sea this night; and a tow-net captured ten of them in the space of a few hours. They were a species of *Scopelus*, three inches in length, covered with scales of a steel-grey colour, and the fins spotted with grey. Each side of the margin of the abdomen was occupied by a single row of small and circular depressions, of the same metallic-grey hue as the scales; a few similar depressions being also scattered on the sides, but with less regularity. The examples we obtained were alive when taken from the net, and swam actively upon being placed in a vessel of sea-water. When handled, or swimming, they emitted a vivid phosphorescent light from the scales, or plates, covering the body and head, as well as from

the circular depressions on the abdomen and sides, and which presented the appearance of as many small stars, spangling the surface of the skin. The luminous gleam (which had sometimes an intermittent or twinkling character, and at others shone steadily for several minutes together) entirely disappeared after the death of the fish. In two specimens we examined the contents of the stomach were small shrimps."

In a brief but satisfactory essay on marine phosphorescence, in the Appendix, Mr. Bennett adds some further information on this interesting subject; from which we extract the following general and individual remarks:—

"In the great majority of cases, a phosphorescent sea would betray its history, by affording to the tow-net numerous examples of luminous animals; sometimes fishes or shell-fish, but more commonly molluscs or medusæ. The fishes, shell-fish, and tunicated molluscs, have their luminous matter deposited beneath a dense integument, and consequently do not communicate it to the waters they infest; but this does not apply to all the medusæ, as some of them are indebted for their phosphorescent quality to a peculiar secretion, that covers their body in the form of a slime, which is easily washed off, and, diffusing itself through water, communicates to that fluid a luminous appearance, which may be entirely independent of the actual presence of the animals from which it is derived: and this, as I have elsewhere observed, may in a great measure account for the occasional existence of a luminous sea, in which no tangible luminous bodies can be detected. The greater number of the luminous marine animals we noticed during this voyage have been described in their proper places; but there were some others, medusæ, captured under circumstances when cause and effect were satisfactorily displayed, which I shall now mention. The one species, which we captured in vast numbers in the North Pacific, is circular, gelatinous, and transparent, and about the size of a dollar; its upper surface convex, and marked with radiating grooved lines. The centre of its inferior aspect is concave, while the circumference is a comparatively broad, flat margin, which, when viewed at night, and in the living animal, is seen to be studded with a row of luminous dots, placed equidistant from each other, and shining with a delicate blue light. When the creature is allowed to be quiet, the luminous display is confined to this series of dots; but, when irritated by handling (or, we will suppose, by the agitation of the waves), the entire body emits a powerful light; which is not, however, so clear and fixed as that of the pyrosoma, but has rather a rough, or powdered appearance. A slimy secretion, which is easily removed from the body of this medusa, also shines brightly when rubbed, and appears like many twinkling stars, vanishing and again lighting up, and seeming to run from spot to spot. When these creatures are assembled in their natural element, they present as many circular patches of light, gleaming brightly, and the more vividly where the sea most breaks: their lights undulating with the waves, alternately appearing and vanishing, and passing, as it were, suddenly to different parts of the ocean, otherwise in obscurity, giving the effect of many torches moved quickly through the depths of a dense and darkened forest. A second species is a very curious medusa (independent of its luminous economy), and was also commonly captured in many parts of the North Pacific. It is about three inches in length by two in circumference; of a somewhat cylindrical form, slightly tapered

at one extremity; is perfectly transparent and colourless; and has the crystallised appearance of cut-glass. The entire animal is composed of an aggregation of numerous smaller crystal-like parts, each closely resembling the other in its shape, which is that of the slice of an orange cut vertically. These individual parts are but slightly united to each other, but are more firmly attached to a soft white cord that passes through the centre and entire length of the perfect animal. When removed from the water, this medusa displays spontaneously, and from its whole surface, a vivid phosphoric light, little inferior to that of pyrosoma; and, when agitated in fresh water, it communicates to that fluid a multitude of scintillating particles, which emit a very white gleam. We found many distinct varieties or species of this medusa. They differ in size and form; some being eight inches in circumference by three in length, and nearly cylindrical in form; while their aggregate portions, all uniform in shape, are pyramidal, and present four facets. Others are globular, and resemble a mulberry. But they all agree in possessing a curious resemblance to crystals, both in their entire form and in the shape of their component parts, and have the same highly luminous properties. A third luminous medusa, which we obtained in lat. 40° north, long. 142° west, is about one inch in length, and shaped like an open bag, or landing-net, its one extremity being a wide circular orifice, while the opposite is rounded and closed; its gelatinous structure is enveloped in a smooth membrane or tunic. The interior of the body is one capacious cavity, or sack; its bottom occupied by a fringed structure, of a pink colour; numerous short slender tentacles are attached to the border of the circular orifice; and the upper surface of the same border, which is somewhat broad and thick, is provided with a single row of small red tubercles, which, as well as the entire body of the creature, emit in the dark a very bright phosphorescent gleam. This species does not communicate any luminous matter to either fluids or solids in contact with it. Upon more than one occasion I have taken from the ocean a small amorphous, transparent, and gelatinous medusa, which, when irritated, emitted a vivid, rich-green light, and at the same time a very strong odour, which resembled that produced by the fumes of muriatic acid. There can be no doubt that many interesting and important facts relative to the history of luminous marine animals are lost to zoology, from the circumstance of illustrative specimens being captured in broad daylight (when their characteristic gleam is invisible), and when the test of a darkened apartment has not been employed in their examination; and this the more particularly, as there is seldom any other external sign than their reluctance to denote what living creatures possess the peculiar property of emitting phosphorescent light. It is difficult to say in what manner this luminous quality may be of use to marine animals; or rather, so many uses may be assigned, that it is hard to fix upon the one which is most satisfactory. I cannot believe with Mr. Kirby, that it serves as a mode of defence; because, from what we know of the nature of fishes, this reluctance would be one of the surest means of bringing their probable enemies upon them; and if we are to regard the economy in a destructive point of view, we might rather suppose that it is intended to direct the nocturnal predacious fishes more surely to their food; for it is well known that they are easily attracted by strong lights, and that there is no better bait for capturing

oceanic cuttle-fish than a circular piece of glittering tin, armed with hooks, and lowered into the sea at midnight. But it would be unjust to accuse Nature of thus wantonly investing her creatures with a charm that can only tend to their destruction. In some land-insects a nocturnal light is supposed to be an amorous incentive; but this will scarcely apply to the lowly-organised medusae: nor is it altogether probable that their light is given them to attract their minute prey, although such hypothesis will apply well to the luminous species of shark and scopolus which I have had occasion to describe. On the whole we are compelled to admit, that no very prominent or indisputable purpose can at present be attributed to this wonderful display."

In our next we must turn back a little to the details of the voyage, and, leaving the Marquesas, pause a moment at Caroline Island, which is a remarkable and most distinct example of the coralline formations for which we are indebted to new and wonderfully enlarging quarters of our earth. For the present we must stop.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Gideon Giles the Roper. Part I. By Thomas Miller, author of "Royston Gower," "Lady Jane Grey," "Beauties of the Country," &c. &c. Pp. 32. London, 1840. Hayward and Moore.

MR. MILLER has in this part commenced a consecutive narrative, to be continued fortnightly and monthly, and which, as far as can be judged from such a fraction, bids fair to be full of interesting matter, well-drawn character, and natural description. A midland country hostelry with its inhabitants; Gideon Giles and his family, including a sweet maiden daughter; Sir Edward Lee with his plans of seduction, accomplices, and innocent household; Ben Brust, a complete lounging scapegrace not destitute of good qualities; and Master Walter the hero, are all introduced under imposing circumstances; and if the sequel keep pace with the opening, we may predict that neither the admirers of truthful drawing, of quiet humour, nor of touching situation and pathos, will have cause to be disappointed with this new effort in the now common race of periodical publication. The embellishments are not so well executed as could be wished, at a time when competition in this way runs so high.

Brother Jonathan; or, the Smartest Nation in all Creation. Edited by Paul Patterson, and Illustrated by R. Cruikshank. No. I. pp. 32. London, 1840. Cunningham.

BROADLY drawn and perhaps caricatured, this is an amusing picture of New York folks and fashions. The descriptions are droll and laughable enough.

The Devil on Two Sticks. Newly Translated by Joseph Thomas, from the French of Le Sage. Illustrated by Tony Johannot. Part I. pp. 32. 1840. London, Thomas; Dublin, Machin and Co.; Edinburgh, Sutherland; Manchester, Ainsworth and Sons; Liverpool, Davies and Co.

WE have seen nothing like this in *Numerical* publication. The wood embellishments are most spirited and replete with character; and there is a subject in almost every page, so that they do not cost so much as a halfpenny a-piece!! Asmodeus himself, in the frontispiece (by Breviere), is a masterly sketch; and the tail-piece, page 18, is as fine as the "Aurora" of Guido. But all are excellent.—"The Miser," p. 21; "The Maimed Gallant," p. 23; "The Aged

Coquette," p. 24; "The Musical Party," p. 25; "The Couché," p. 26; "The Fair Damsel," p. 12; and "The Gamblers" on the opposite page, are but instances of the invention and talent lavished upon this very cheap publication.

Charles O'Maley, the Irish Dragon, by Harry Lorrequer. Illustrated by Philz. Nos. I. and II. (Dublin, Curry and Co.; London, Orr and Co.)—We are glad to see Harry Lorrequer (*alias*, Mr. Lever) again in the field with a genuine stirring Irish story, full of vigour and fun. The characters are boldly drawn, and in these two Nos. an election contest, and the means of terrifying a Saxon visitor, are described with ludicrous effect.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE JEWS.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Paris: April 28, 1840.

SIR,—The intelligence of the murder of Father Thomas and his servant at Damascus reached Paris some time before it was made public in London, the original source of the information being a letter of the 21st of February, from Beyruth in Syria, which was quoted by the "Sémaphore" of Marseilles, and republished in this capital on the 17th of March. The Austrian government has already interfered, and we are rejoiced to learn from the pages of your admirable journal that application has been made to the British government, with a similar object in view. The French consul at Damascus, M. Ratti-Menton, appears to have acted both courageously and humanely in trying to postpone the executions of the poor Jews who had been so blindly condemned to death, but we have this day received in Paris the intelligence that nine have actually been hung; while, on the other hand, we also learn from Alexandria that the real murderer has been discovered, and that he is one of the fierce religious sect of the Druses, and, therefore, no Jew. The whole truth will no doubt come out some day or other; but, meanwhile, it is not without use to represent to your readers how the case at present stands before the public.

On Wednesday, the 5th of February, Father Thomas and his servant went round the town, according to custom, to administer vaccination, especially to the poorer classes, and in so doing they entered various houses of Catholics and Armenians, as well as Jews. They never returned to their convent, of which Father Thomas was the superior; and next day, some Turks and Greeks entering the Jews' quarter of the city, affirmed that Father Thomas had been seen there the day before, and that some one had murdered him. A barber of the lowest class was seized and dragged before the pacha, who, on his declaring that he knew nothing about the priest or his servant, was ordered to have 500 strokes of the bastinado on the soles of his feet, to make him confess. He received this punishment, but still persevered in his denial; upon this he was subjected to the most excruciating system of tortures, one of the methods being to squeeze his head with an iron band till the eyes started from their sockets. His black beard turned white from the pain he endured. After this, he said that he had seen Father Thomas walking with Davud Arari, the richest Jew merchant of Damascus; and upon similar testimony, that unfortunate individual, with his brothers and two rabbins, nine in all, were seized and instantly tortured. At the same time, all the Jewish children at the public school were thrown into a dungeon, chained, and allowed only one ounce of bread and a glass of water per diem, in order to force their parents to come forward and make accusations. The wealthy Jews thus imprisoned and racked denied all knowledge of the affair im-

puted to them, and pointed out its utter inconsistency, especially as to the absurd accusation of their using blood, the very thing of all others forbidden by their law. Another Jewish inhabitant, who had gone to the pacha to remonstrate, was seized and benten to death. The barber, still subjected to torture, made fresh accusations: the rich Jews had their houses pulled down by the pacha, to look for the body of Father Thomas, and were themselves taken to the pacha, *παρε τα ἄνδρα ἰλασμένοι*, and thrown into a common sewer of the city. This overcame their constancy; they admitted all that was imputed to them, and have since been hung!

The accusation of the bodies of Father Thomas and his servant having been concealed in a drain, is disproved by the fact of the bones discovered being shewn to be those of quadrupeds: the idea of the sacrifice, &c. is too absurd to be entertained for an instant: but the mere fact of the richest men in Damascus having been singled out as the victims, added to the known rapacity and unscrupulousness of Oriental local governors, is sufficient to afford a very fair presumption as to the circumstance being seized on as a favourable one for confiscating the wealth of the accused parties, and enriching the governor's own private pocket. There is extant a curious letter from the Rabbi Manasses to Oliver Cromwell, in which exactly the same story, nearly word for word, as to the terms of the accusation, is exposed to the Protector: and, indeed, the records of most of the great cities of France and Germany abound in accusations of the same nature against the Jewish inhabitants during the middle ages. Since the eminent and wealthy individuals in London, whom you mentioned in your last number, and than whom a more benevolent and philanthropic set of men does not exist, have come forward in behalf of their oppressed brethren, the case has lost much of its interest, as there is now no doubt of its being thoroughly sifted to the bottom. It would, however, be a most desirable thing if the British consular and diplomatic authorities in the Levant were instructed to ascertain the truth of this matter, and if something could be done to prevent the recurrence of such scenes of horrid barbarity. It would be a very painful thing to think that any English visitor of the regions of the East should not at all times exercise the strong good sense that characterises our nation, and, above all, should not extend his hand as a Christian to a Jewish brother oppressed by fanatical barbarians. For myself, though I advocate the cause of the Jews in this instance, I am no Jew myself, and I have ventured to call your attention to the case solely from a love of truth and a sense of humanity. I remain, sir, your obedient servant and constant reader,

PHILALETHES.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES. GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

APRIL 27.—Mr. Greenough, F.R.S. President, in the chair.—The following papers were read. 1. 'Narrative of the Recent Arctic Discoveries, by Messrs. Dease and Simpson,' communicated by the Hudson's Bay Company. This account, which has been made public, was illustrated by a chart of the coast on a large scale, shewing the track of these enterprising explorers; and a smaller map of British North America on which their discoveries are already engraved, both by Mr. John Arrowsmith.—2.

A letter from Dr. Richardson, F.R.S., dated Haslar Hospital, Portsmouth, 25th April. "My dear Sir,—The success of Messrs. Dease and Simpson is delightful, and their despatch intensely interesting. Every Englishman who feels as he ought for the reputation of his country, must rejoice, that an enterprise which has been an object of national pursuit for 343 years, should be brought to a conclusion without the intervention of any other kingdom. It has been said that ours is a land whose merchants are princes, and if the liberal application of great wealth, and the enlightened patronage of science, are princely acts, the title is not misapplied. The first expedition for the discovery of the north-west passage, which sailed from Bristol in 1497, under the patronage of Henry VII., was fitted out at the cost of the Cabots, and other merchants; and to a mercantile body belongs the glory of bringing it to a conclusion. The Hudson's Bay Company giving the most honourable construction to one of the clauses of their charter, have prosecuted their discoveries on a coast, which, as it supports no fur-bearing animals, could not by any possibility yield a pecuniary return for their outlay; but the names of the directors, Governor Pelly, Mr. George Simpson, &c., who ordered the well-planned enterprise, will live in the grateful remembrance of their country, along with those of the two officers who executed it with so much bravery and skill. These two gentlemen, indeed, have, year after year, and under great privations, pushed on to the conclusion of their undertaking with a resolution and unity of purpose never surpassed in the annals of discovery, and their success has been as full as it was merited. There remains but a small portion of the Gulf of Boothia to be explored to complete the delineation of the northern coast of the American continent, and it is very gratifying to hear that the Hudson's Bay Company intend to accept of Mr. Thomas Simpson's offer to perform this also. The opinion of that gentleman as to the trending of the south shore of this gulf is entitled to the highest consideration and confidence, and one is glad to find that he entertains little doubt of its continuing to the west side of Melville peninsula, and consequently of Boothia being an island. The tracing of Victoria Land for 150 miles furnishes a reason for some peculiarities of the sea into which the Copper Mine river discharges itself; and, I think, nearly proves that from long. 117° to Boothia, the continent is separated merely by a strait from a piece of land absolutely or nearly continuous: that Wollaston Land is continuous with, or at least contiguous to, Victoria Land, I have scarcely any doubt. From a hill near Cape Krusenstern we saw the high land behind Cape Barrow, known to be about sixty miles distant, and the east end of Wollaston Land was seen at the same time, extending to the eastward as far as the eye could reach. Off Capes Bathurst and Parry, black whales were abundant; and the shores there furnished, by the elevation of the line of drift timber, an indisputable indication of a powerful ocean swell. After entering the Dolphin and Union Straits, whales were no longer seen, and the drift timber lay merely along the beach. A notion that the northern boundary of the strait just mentioned might be connected with Banks's Land of Parry, and the prominent station which Dr. Wollaston held in the scientific body over which Sir Joseph presided, were, in fact, the reasons for thus associating their names. And it is probable, from Messrs. Dease and Simpson using the term *land* to designate

the country which they have honoured with the name of Victoria, that they also entertained a belief of its extension to Wollaston and Banks's Land. I should be very glad to hear that her majesty had been advised to bestow some mark of approbation upon Mr. Dease and his able condutor, in the execution of an enterprise which cannot fail to be reckoned among the memorabilia of her reign.—I am, &c.

"JOHN RICHARDSON."

To Captain Washington, R.N.

3. 'Remarks on M. de Berton's Report of his Journey through Wadi-el-'Arabah from the Dead Sea to 'Akabah, in 1838,' by Edward Robinson, D.D. of New York, now at Berlin. "The statements of M. de Berton respecting the great valley el-'Arabah have been adopted, apparently without question, by Letronne, and thereby acquire an authority to which otherwise they might not have been entitled. For this reason, and for the sake of truth and science, I feel bound to point out several things in his account which I conceive to be erroneous, and to state the grounds on which my objections rest. His information respecting the topography of the country was derived chiefly from his Arab guides, between whom and himself it was manifest, from their mutual complaints, that no cordiality existed; and from the character of the Bedowins it is evident that, under such circumstances, their information cannot be relied on, whilst, from his own very imperfect knowledge of the language, he was unable to correct their mistakes. The evidence of this deficiency on the part of M. de Berton with respect to proper names appears in every page, which, together with other circumstances, casts a doubt on the extent of his own scientific knowledge, as well as accurate observation. With the great work of Laborde on Syria he was unacquainted, he first saw an English copy of it in our possession at Jerusalem, and there found that several of his discoveries had been already described by his countryman ten years before. I will now point out several things in his report which seem to me erroneous, which, if not corrected, might produce confusion in that remarkable region:—1st. Ez-Zuweirah, on the west side of the Dead Sea, M. de Berton holds to be the same as Zoar of the Scriptures, writing its name Zoara; this name has no affinity with the Hebrew Zoar, and there is decisive historical evidence that the ancient Zoar lay on the east side of the Dead Sea, probably on the opening of Wadi Kerak. 2d. Of the Wadi el-Jeib, the great drain of the 'Arabah towards the Dead Sea, M. de Berton speaks only as the Wadi el-'Arabah, yet our native guides and others constantly named it el-Jeib, and it appears under that name in the map and work of Laborde. 3d. To the remarkable hill or Tel of Madurah, north of 'Ain el-Weibeh, M. de Berton gives the additional name of Kadezza, supposing it the Kadesh of the south of Judah. This name I believe is either a mistake or an invention of the writer; whilst encamped near we questioned the chief sheikh as well as the sheikh who had accompanied M. de Berton, but they knew nothing of the name; and Seetzen, Lord Lindsay, and Schubert, who travelled that way, heard of it only at Madurah: I believe Ain el-Weibeh is the probable site of Kadesh. 4th. To the great Wadi el-Jeráfah, as it enters the 'Arabah, and joins the Jeib nearly opposite Mount Hor, M. de Berton gives the name only of Wadi Talha. All our guides, both of the Tamarah and Amran, in the western desert and of the Jehálin and Haweitát along the 'Arabah, spoke of this

* Some of these facts have appeared in other periodicals, but in none in so particular a shape as to divest our correspondent's letter of its strong interest.—Ed. L. G.

only as Wadi el-Jeráf, and M. de Bertou had no other informants; Burckhardt, indeed, speaks of two Wadis, called Abu Talha, in the western desert, which probably flow into the Jeráf, of which M. de Bertou might have heard, and transferred to the Wadi in question. 5th. To the southern half of the great valley between the Dead Sea and 'Akabah, which is called in its whole length 'Arabah, M. de Bertou assigns the name of Wadi 'Akabah. Now there are few facts better known than that this valley, from the Ghor near the Dead Sea quite to the Gulf of 'Akabah, bears among the Arabs the name of 'Wadi el-'Arabah, for which see Burckhardt, Laborde's map and work, Lindsay, Schubert, and all travellers. 6th. The water-shed, or line of separation of waters in the great valley, M. de Bertou places immediately south of the entrance of the Jeráf into the 'Arabah; on this point I cannot speak with certainty, yet there is evidence which renders it probable that this water-shed is several hours farther south than the point assigned by M. de Bertou: 1st. All our Arabs born in the vicinity stated that the Wadi el-Jeib, the great drain of the 'Arabah towards the north, had its beginning in the great valley south of Wadi Ghüründel, and the waters of the latter valley flow towards the Dead Sea. 2d. The configuration of the lateral valleys of the 'Arabah, as they descend to it from the eastern mountains, first led Letronne to doubt the fact of the Jordan having flowed through the great valley. He fixes the probable line of division of waters about fifteen hours from the Dead Sea, more than two hours south of the opening of Wadi Ghüründel. That the lateral valleys in this quarter do thus run north-west, appears also from the testimony of Burckhardt and Schubert. Therefore, the same circumstance which led Letronne to doubt at all, exists in its full force to shew that the water-shed must be sought for on the south of Wadi Ghüründel. 3d. The testimony of M. de Bertou himself incidentally given, as in passing the mouth of the Jeráf on his way south, he remarks, "Depuis la jonction du Talha (Jeráf) avec l'Araba les Arabes donnent à ce dernier le nom de Ouadi Akaba." There is then a Wadi further south than the Jeráf, with which the latter unites; and at three hours and a quarter from the mouth of the Jeráf they halted at the place where Wadi Ghüründel unites with this Wadi, which corresponds with what we saw from the Pass of Nemela. Though to this winding Wadi south of the Jeráf, M. de Bertou says that the Arabs give the name of Wadi Akabah. Yet several times he mentions it as 'Arabah, i.e. el-Jeib. This evidence appears to me to throw doubt on the correctness of M. de Bertou's assertion, that the dividing line of the waters in the great valley is adjacent to the mouth of the Jeráf, and leads to the suspicion that this name of Wadi 'Akabah and this whole affair of a water-shed adjacent to Wadi el-Jeráf, is an after-thought, got up in consequence of a subsequent hypothesis. When this region is properly explored, the beginning of the Wadi el-Jeib will probably be found at some distance south of Wadi Ghüründel, as reported by our Arabs. 7th. M. de Bertou affirms that the spot near the eastern mountain, just south of Wadi Abu Kusheibah, is called El Saté, i.e. *le toit*: this does not seem probable; *sulah* signifies a plain or terrace, and is applied to the flat roof of a house, but which gives no idea of *penle* (ridge or slope). The same word is used in reference to the plain north of Wadi Musa, and to that extending to the foot of Mount

Hor; therefore if it does exist where he assigns it as a proper name, it can have no relation to a slope or dividing line of waters. These are the chief topics in the narrative of M. de Bertou, which seem to require either confirmation or correction; and I cannot but hope that succeeding travellers in that region will endeavour to ascertain the exact truth on those points which have been questioned.

In acknowledging a special note of thanks to the Governor and Committee of the Hudson's Bay Company and their spirited officers, Governor Pelly said, that the Committee had resolved not only to grant Mr. Simpson the "limited means" he asked for in his letter, but to supply him liberally with every thing he could require to complete the great work in which he had already taken so active a part; and he had every hope that, if favoured by circumstances, in the course of the next year he should have the pleasure of communicating to the Society the complete tracing of the northern coast of America.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY. (Anniversary.)

At the Annual Meeting, held on Wednesday, the usual reports were read. The report of the Council was rather interesting. The number of fellows, or contributing members, at present is upwards of 3000.—The menagerie on the 1st of April contained 910 subjects, including 303 mammalia, 527 birds, and 20 reptiles; several species being new to this country. The Museum of the Society was alluded to with satisfaction,—it now rivals any on the Continent; the arrangement is almost perfect: the shelves, however, are so crowded, that numerous rare specimens were for the present kept in stores. It contains 1794 specimens of mammalia, comprising 800 distinct species; 5418 birds, comprising 3000 species; fishes, 1260; reptiles, 1034; the osteological collection, 386 perfect skeletons.—The report of the auditors of the Society's accounts was, upon the whole, favourable.—As we have from month to month stated the amount of cash balance carried to the Society's credit, details of the annual account are unnecessary.—The auditors express a hope that the success of the past year, "limited as it may seem," will serve as an encouragement to prosecute with renewed exertions the interesting objects of the Society.—The Earl of Derby was re-elected President, and the usual changes in the Council were judiciously made.

PARIS LETTER.

Academy of Sciences, April 28, 1840.

SITING of April 20.—M. Virey sent a notice to the Academy that in Vol. X. of the "Journal Complémentaire des Sciences Médicales," he had inserted a memoir upon a wax-producing insect of China, different from the one mentioned during the late sittings of the Academy. This insect was, as it were, buried in a mass of wax, which it extracted from the plant on, which it lived, the wax being of a sweet flavour, and the children of the country gathering it to suck. This *Coccus ceriferus* was found not only in China but also in the East Indies, and had been examined and described by Mr. Pearson in the "Phil. Transact." 1794, p. 383. M. Virey mentioned that another ceriferous insect was found in Madagascar.

[We for the present pass memoirs on specific heat, by M. Baudremont and M. Regnault.]

Wool.—An important memoir by Professor Chevreul was presented to the Academy on the composition of wool, the process of extracting the natural grease from it, and certain properties

of the substance, interesting to manufacturers. M. Chevreul had been pursuing his experiments on wool for fifteen years. He had already proved, that when wool had been thoroughly cleansed it contained three evident substances: 1st, a fat substance, which remained solid at the ordinary temperature, and was liquid at 60° centigrade; 2dly, another fat substance, liquid at 15°; and, 3dly, a filamentous substance, which forms the elementary substance of woven stuffs. Some new experiments had shewn him that this latter substance, the filamentous one, contained hydro-sulphuric acid, which was fully entitled to be counted as a fourth component part of wool, and was often of great injury to manufacturers in their dyeing processes. His experiments to isolate this sulphuric element had lasted four years and a half. The two fat substances of wool corresponded to *stearine* and *elaine*, only they admitted of being converted into soap; and therefore, to distinguish them, he had termed them *stearerine* and *elaiererine*. The following is a table of the results given by examination of, and experimentation upon, a Merino fleece:—

Earthy substances	26.00
Fat substances dissolved by washing.....	32.74
Fat matters	9.97
Clean wool	31.23
	100.00

In order to give an idea of his experiments, M. Chevreul went into long details of his highly ingenious and patient methods for the isolation of the sulphur; the ultimate result which he had been able to obtain was, that out of 100 parts of pure wool, there were still .46 of sulphur to be deducted. M. Chevreul then developed the importance of these results for manufacturers: he had already shewn that nothing was more prejudicial to printing on wool than the presence of certain salts of copper sometimes to be detected in the stuffs, and which always caused a partial discolouration. He had recommended that iron cylinders for printing should be used instead of copper ones, together with other precautions: he had now clearly ascertained that the discolourations were caused by a sulphate of copper, resulting from the reaction of the sulphur of the wool on a coppery matter, the presence of which was accidental; and he pointed out the importance of these results to all dyers of woollen goods. M. Chevreul further remarked, that the fat component substance of wool entered into it in the same proportion as the oil which was added to it when thoroughly dressed, in order to make it fit for spinning. If any difference was found in the weaving of wool when merely washed, and of wool thoroughly dressed, it must be accounted for by the fat substance formed by the *stearerine* and the *elaiererine* not being so liquid as oil, and by the former retaining in the wool a certain quantity of earthy matter, very much subdivided, which made the filaments hard to work. The discovery of the sulphur remaining in the substance of the wool, and standing repeated processes with various metallic oxides and alkaline bases, and still adhering to the wool after four years' constant experimentation, was considered by the Academy as a circumstance highly curious.

M. Persoz addressed to the Academy a new memoir on sulpho-sulphuric acid and its combinations.—M. Cauchy laid on the table a memoir on some new researches upon the theories of series, and the laws of their convergence.

Academy of Moral and Political Sciences.—M. Moreau de Jonès gave some further ex-

planations of the method adopted since 1837, for procuring more exact statistical returns on the condition of agriculture in France. He stated that researches had been, or were to be, set on foot, in each of the 37,000 communes into which the country is subdivided, and that information was there collected from the persons on the spot, by whom the returns were examined and verified.

Academy of Medicine.—M. Blandin read a report on M. Foville's "Memoir upon the Head and Brain." In the first part of this memoir the author considered the brain as divisible into two planes of fibrous parts, emanating from the grey substance, and to each of which he allotted distinct functions: to one, that of transmitting to the nerves the orders of the will; to the other, that of transmitting to the brain the sensations perceived by the nerves. The second part of the memoir referred to the sutures of the skull, and to the relation of the bony case of the head to the brain. Ordered to be printed in the "Transactions."—M. Boulé, a chemist and druggist at Auch, had demanded a patent from the Minister of Commerce for the invention of a remedy for gout and rheumatism, consisting of sarsaparilla, julp, and mustard. The Academy, after a discussion, in which it was decided that the alleged remedy had been long known to the public, and was also a very ineffectual one, decided on drawing up a report to the Minister against the concession of a patent.

The Royal and Central Society of Agriculture held its annual public sitting at the Hôtel de Ville on the 26th of April, the Minister of Commerce being in the chair.—Several prizes for the propagation of the culture of mulberry-trees and silk-worms were awarded; and a gold medal given to M. de Tillancourt, V.P. of the Agricultural Society of Château Thierry, for the introduction of the mulberry-tree into that commune, and into that of Epernay.

The Royal Academy of Sciences and Belles Lettres of Toulouse, in its last sitting, heard a curious notice read by M. Frizac, a local geologist, entitled, 'On the Pavement of Toulouse, considered in a geognostic point of view.' In this paper the author estimated, that out of 100 parts of the paving-stones of that town the following were the proportions of the various substances:—Granite, 16; gneiss, 10; syenite, 8; quartz, 16; jade, 9; amphibolite, 15; Lydian stone, 7; melaphyre, 5; opalites, 6; pudding-stone, 4; sand-stone, 3; phonolites, 1.

Baron Poisson, the eminent mathematician, President of the Academy of Sciences, and peer of France, died at Sceaux, on the 25th of April, aged fifty-eight, after a long and painful illness. He has left four sons.—M. Julien Desjardins, founder of the Society of Natural History at the Mauritius, and a distinguished naturalist, died a short time since, aged forty.

It is announced, in a semi-official manner, that the new chair of the Slav languages and literature, just founded at the Collège de France, is intended for the eminent Polish poet Mickiewicz, whose nomination to the Professorship of Latin Literature at Lausanne was lately mentioned.

Books.—The third and fourth volumes of De Tocqueville's "America" are just out, completing the second part of the work. The author dwells much in them on democracy, as influencing family and social relations.—M. Von Rommel, librarian at Cassel, has just published at Paris a curious imputed correspondence of Henry IV. of France with the learned

Maurice, landgrave of Hesse. The letters do the monarch, both as a man and a sovereign, great credit.—A French translation of Berzelius's "Treatise on Mineral, Vegetable, and Animal Chemistry" has been sent out by Didot: it will be of great use to the French chemists.

Sciurada.

Tollera il mio primier sul capo stabile
Il peso enorme del gran mondo tutto.
Specchia nell' altro un garzoncello amabile.
A Merope l' inter di anni e tutto.
Answer to the last:—Timo-re.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, April 18.—The last day of Term, the following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—The Hon. R. W. West, Balliol College; W. Miller, New College, Esquire Bodel-of-Law.
Bachelor of Arts.—W. Shillito, University College.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

THE meetings were resumed on Thursday evening, after the Easter recess. The Marquess of Northampton in the chair.—The most noble the chairman, in a becoming address, proposed for ballot H. R. H. Prince Albert. The ballot-box was carried round, and the Prince was elected a fellow amidst acclamation. Lord Lyttleton, being a peer, was proposed, balloted for, and elected.—A letter from the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to the President was read; it accompanied a series of magnetic observations made by the expedition under the command of Capt. James C. Ross. The magnetic dip was made by various needles on shore and aboard the Erebus and Terror; they are so recent as the 31st December last. The results are given in a tabular form.—Read, likewise, a postscript to Major Sabine's papers 'On Magnetic Science.' The experiments here alluded to were made by Fox's needles; the signals on board two distant ships were made at the moment of the magnetic dip with perfect exactness.—Read, also, 'A few Remarks on a Rain-table and Map,' by Mr. Atkinson, communicated by Dr. Roget. The observations contained in this paper were taken at various places in England and Scotland; Derby, for instance, and Elgin, Bedford, Birmingham, Carlisle, Keswick, Hereford, Norwich, Swansea, &c. The author only found any thing like uniformity in the quantity of rain falling in that locality called "the backbone of England." He adds, that mostly all our rain comes from the Atlantic. In some places, the fall of rain in a year was 67 inches; in others, 54, 30, &c.; at Carlisle it was thrice as much as in some other places, and at Keswick it was twice as much; at Hereford it was 27 inches in a year; at Birmingham, 26; at Bedford and Norwich, 25 inches each: but this acquiescence cannot be accounted for. Attention was then called to a paper giving a description of the late Mr. Kater's Astronomical Clock, drawn up by his son, and communicated by Sir John Herschel.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

On Thursday the General Anniversary of the Society was held, at its house in St. Martin's Place, the Right Honourable the Earl of Ripon, President, in the chair.—According to the directions of the charter, the election of President, Vice-Presidents, and Council, took place, when the following names were declared by the Rev. Mr. Baber and Mr. Decimus Burton, the Scrutators, to have been unanimously agreed upon:—

President.—The Right Hon. the Earl of Ripon.
Vice-Presidents.—His Grace the Duke of Rutland; His Grace the Duke of Newcastle; His Grace the Duke

of Sutherland; the Right Hon. the Earl of Clare; the Right Hon. Lord Bexley; the Right Hon. Sir Gore Ouseley, Bart.; Henry Hallam, Esq.; William Martin Leake, Esq.; Louis Hayes Petit, Esq.; the Rev. John Hume Spry, D.D.

Council.—The Most Noble the Marquess of Northampton; the Right Hon. the Earl of Munster; the Right Hon. Lord Prudhoe; the Right Hon. Lord Colborne; Sir Thomas D. Acland, Bart. M.P.; the Rev. Richard Cattermole (Secretary); the Very Rev. the Dean of Chichester; the Rev. Henry Clissold; Sir John Dorant; Isaac L. Goldsmid, Esq.; William R. Hamilton, Esq. (Librarian and Foreign Secretary); Henry Holland, Esq.; William Jordan, Esq.; David Pollock, Esq.; The Rev. George Tomlinson; William Tooke, Esq. (Treasurer).
Auditors.—Newell Connop, Esq.; John Morice, Esq. Clerk and Collector.—Mr. Nathaniel Hill.

At this period of the week we cannot go into the details of the meeting. The Secretary read minutes of the proceedings of the last Anniversary, which were confirmed; and also a report from the Council of the transactions of the past year, which was of a satisfactory nature. The noble President then read an eloquent address, in which he adverted to the admission of Prince Albert as an honorary member, and of other distinguished foreign scholars, who had in like manner been added to the strength of the Society. As we trust to be able to present our readers with this paper in a more perfect form, we shall not injure it now by a mere description. Thanks were voted to the Chairman and the meeting adjourned.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. HAMILTON, V.P., in the chair.—Mr. Haggard presented to the Museum of the Society a sacrificial instrument, the use of which cannot now be clearly ascertained, found in one of the ancient tombs of Etruria. This being the first present to the Museum since its establishment was received with much applause.—Mr. Gage Rokewood exhibited some ornaments of gold, consisting of a scarabæus, a very small bell, &c., discovered in a cist, in a pyramid in Nubia.—Mr. C. Roach Smith exhibited several ancient coins, ornaments, bones, teeth, &c., in the possession of Mr. Jackson, of Settle, in Yorkshire, found in some caves situated about two miles from Settle. They were accompanied by a plan of the caves, and a description, by Mr. Jackson.—Mr. Ormerod communicated an account (with a drawing) of a leaden foot, supposed to be Saxon, in the church of Tidenham, in the county of Gloucester; and another, exactly similar, in the adjoining parish of Ilancant; with notices of remains of ancient roads, and parts of Offa's Dike in those parishes, and near the forest of Dean.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Entomological, 8 P.M.; British Architects (Anniversary), 3 P.M.; United Service Institution, 9 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.
Tuesday.—Linnæan, 8 P.M.; Horticultural, 3 P.M.; Electrical, 8 P.M.; Architectural, 8 P.M.
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 7 P.M.
Thursday.—Royal, 8 P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 3 P.M.
Friday.—Astronomical, 8 P.M.; Royal Institution, 8 P.M.
Saturday.—Asiatic (Anniversary), 1 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.
THE Exhibition of this Society opened to the public on Monday last. For the thirty-sixth time it displays a selection of original works in water-colours far beyond what can be produced in any other country in Europe, although from the skill and progressive practice

* The names not in italics, re-elected; those in italics, elected in the room of the Earl of Durham, Bishop of Winchester, Lord Carrington, Dr. Bostock, Mr. Hudson Gurney, and Mr. J. Morice, six members out by rotation.

of the members of this Society has emanated a general knowledge of the nature of colour, vehicle, and execution in this peculiar art, which, forty years ago, no one could have anticipated. We commence our remarks with

117. *Morning*, J. D. Harding; and with little fear that any one will say we have not made a good beginning. The life and brilliancy thrown into this performance speak a language alike intelligible to the uninitiated and to the practised in art. Poetical in its conception, classical in its composition, it owes little to the suggestions in the quotation from Byron, applicable as that quotation nevertheless is to the character of the subject. It is only the taste and skill of the artist that could embody such a scene.

133. *Lady and Mandolin*. W. H. Hunt.—The battle of colours and the bravura in art have been fought and played for almost any time that we can remember since the establishment of our annual exhibitions—oil and water; but for the determined and positive in crimson and gold, we think the prize must be adjudged to Mr. Hunt. What is most remarkable is, that there does not appear any thing violent or crude in the display of the rich furniture to which this gorgeousness is confined. As to the lady, her face is turned from the spectator, and whether it be beautiful or otherwise, picture saith not. Gallantry compels us to believe the former.

140. *Room at Knowle, Kent, Seat of Earl Amherst*. Joseph Nash.—If, amidst so much varied excellence, the present Exhibition has any one leading feature, we should be inclined to say it is in interiors of the olden times—like this example, in which the grand, the ornamental, and the chivalric, are so finely combined. What is not seen is implied; for, if Mr. Nash's authority may be depended on, even children's toys were, in those days, tilting knights, made to run on wheels in combat against each other. We need hardly say, that in every part of his picture the artist is master of his subject; and in the effect of light, and in the character of the female (the only figure introduced), he has awakened an interest which might suggest tale or legend to the pen of the writer in prose or in verse.

149. *The Morning of the Chase*. Frederick Tayler.—Here we are again in the olden time: the baronial hall, with a portion of its exterior and imposing grandeur, ladies on horseback, attendants in waiting, grooms and helpers in their several employments, with knights and squires, principal and subordinate, together with hawks and hounds, fill up the inspiring scene—a scene which Wouvermans might be proud to own for its character and composition. This performance (as it well deserves to do) occupies the centre of the best side of the room.

165. *A Hard Word*. W. Hunt.—It would be a hard case if we did not meet with the quiet comedy of Art from this gifted artist's pencil. This production, and 7, *The Poser*, as a pair, are well suited to display his powers: the first is illustrated by a boy over his book; the second, with the slate and the sum: both are admirable in truth and expression.

209. *Will Honeycomb's Dream*. Mrs. Seyffarth.—A subject well suited to the talents and pencil of the fair artist, affording an opportunity of shewing the splendour of dress of our great-grandmothers in its most vivid colours, and redolent of the action and character belonging to the period in which they fluttered. The taste and skill of Mrs. Seyffarth are especially seen in her principal groups—that of

the female with her lapdog, and of the mother with her infant; these are brought into juxtaposition, and display the powers of contrast with the best effect imaginable.

233. *Columbus before the Council at Salamanca*. J. Stephanoff.—The event of the circumstances under which it took place are described in the spirited language of the quotation from Washington Irving; a passage which has been followed by the artist with good effect in the mien and expression of the principal figure, the animated and inspired Columbus. Such a scene well deserves to be perpetuated; it is a lesson to posterity, and will, we trust, to the latest period, continue to influence the conduct of governments in their treatment of enterprising heroism.

300. *Guardian Angels*. J. M. Wright.—Those who are acquainted with the productions of this truly gifted and versatile artist only in the departments of comedy, farce, and the humorous of art, will find it difficult to believe that this beautiful and tasteful group has proceeded from the same mind: but so it is, and it is hard to say in which style Mr. Wright most excels. The subject under notice, with very little alteration, would make an altarpiece calculated to arouse the purest and most affectionate emotions of Christian piety.

240. *Portia*, J. W. Wright; and 275. —, F. Stone.—We have brought these pictures together in our notice, as both relate to matrimony, and as in both the subjects are under the influence of regrets and uncertainty. The first is from the "Merchant of Venice," the last from the lines of an old ballad:—

"Nobody coming to marry me,
Nobody coming to woo."

Each of these interesting females is of the first order of beauty, and in the best style of art. Of the first, we know the fate; of the last, we can only say that the man must be made of Stone that would not "woo" such a damsel if he had the opportunity.

[To be continued.]

NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS. [Fourth Notice]

83. *Boy's Diversion—"Pitch and Toss"*. 240. *Boy's Diversion—"Heads or Tails."* Aaron Penley.—It sometimes serves our purpose, and we think also that of the painter, to bring his performances thus into juxtaposition. To the subjects under these titles we are happy to say Mr. Penley has given an interest, as well in expression as in the carefully executed study of his models, to which he has imparted an earnest seriousness in action and gesture that might well suit higher diversions (to some) of a more exciting character.

54. *The Errand Cart*. E. Duncan.—A sun-lit snow piece, than which we never saw a more perfect or faithful example from the pencil of any artist, French or English. We hardly thought it possible to give to such a subject the variety of tint and hue that may be found in this simple scene.

10. *Cintra, Portugal*. W. Telbin.—A view which owes little or nothing to the variety of tints or colours of foliage, sky, and ground, which may at some periods decorate it, but which is highly interesting from the spirited style of execution, and the tone of harmony that pervades the whole.

21. *The Farmer*. G. H. Laporte.—We give the quotation, of which the drawing is an admirable illustration:—

Unceasing industry he kept in view,
And never lacked a job for Giles to do.

Farmer's Boy.

Both men and cattle are executed in a style that may well recommend the performance.

50. *Squally Morning:—Mist clearing off*. Thomas S. Robins.—We are well aware that both land and water to a certain degree partake of the colour of the surrounding atmosphere, and this may account for the flush and tint that pervade the picture. But be that as it may, the action of the waves, the riding and trim of the vessels, and their skillful delineation, shew the hand of a master.

6. *Married*. 120. *Single*. 136. "*Happy, Happy Pair*." John Absolom.—The first two of these clever works, although erroneously arranged, illustrate, as their titles import, the conditions of single and married life. Each is exhibited with its appropriate joys and comforts, and in each is seen the favourable side of the picture. Lest, however, we should doubt which way the artist inclines, the third performance is conclusive on that point; but it is smaller and less finished than the others; and seems rather like the echo of a voice, than the full utterance that should be given in matters of such importance. The series reminds us of an old and favourite toast, in the days when toasts and sentiments were in vogue,—

May the single be married, and the married happy.

150. — Fanny Corbux.—Here is no title, but a quotation from the late Mrs. Hemans:—

The stranger's heart is with her own.

Happy must that stranger be, if the heart of the female so beautifully represented is in accordance with the outward and visible sign of her countenance.

67. *Raphael shewing his Designs to his Patrons, Johanna, Duchess of Sorre, and Guidobaldo, Duke of Urbino*. Benjamin R. Green.—A quotation explains particulars of the subject; and we have only to observe that those were the palmy days of art, and that Mr. Green has illustrated the occurrence with taste, and his usual soft and fluent style of execution.

48. *Vase of Flowers*. M. Harrison.—A more beautiful display of the produce of the flower-garden we have seldom seen, or one with more of breadth in effect and delicacy in texture; as a whole possessing the highest qualities in art, with the exception of the statues in the background, which interfere with the principal objects.

140. *An Indian Cottage, from a Sketch by Lieutenant Frederick Pollock, Royal Madras Engineers*. James Fahey.—A subject well suited to the amenity of the artist's pencil. Mr. Fahey's scenes of English cottagers and their rustic inhabitants are all of the amiable and simple in their kind; and such is the character of the present view.

[To be continued.]

WELLINGTON NATIONAL MEMORIAL.

WE have been gratified with a private view of the colossal bust of his grace the Duke of Wellington, modelled by Mr. M. C. Wyatt, in preparing for the Equestrian Statue of his grace to be placed on the arch of entrance to the royal palace at Hyde Park Corner.

The bust, we understand, has been submitted to the inspection of the committee, and to a number of the most intimate friends of the illustrious captain, by every one of whom it has been pronounced to be a singularly successful resemblance of the hero. It is entirely of the character of the antique, and when viewed somewhat in profile, assumes the grand appearance of a Roman head. The scale is for a figure of eighteen feet in height, and that of the horse

will be of the same proportion, making the entire group in this vast design of the altitude of more than twenty-two feet, clear of the plinth on which it will be placed. The whole will be cast in bronze, in the furnaces now erecting under the direction of the distinguished sculptor to whom this arduous task has been confided. Mr. Wyatt has just completed his new spacious studio, which is thirty-two feet in height within, and, being contrived with a broad light, will illuminate the group, which will turn on a pivot moving a circle of some twenty feet in diameter, so that every part will be distinctly visible during its progress from the beginning to the completion. The impression of the head now finished in the model is magnificent.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Prodigal's Return. Painted by E. Prentiss; Engraved by J. Scott. Ackermann and Co.

FROM the time at which we first saw it in the Exhibition of British Artists, we have always considered this as one of Mr. Prentiss's most able and interesting works. It is the scriptural story judiciously modernised. The emotions of the various actors in the domestic drama, the utter prostration of the penitent, the irresistible yearnings of the mother's tender heart, the slowly-yielding implacability of the father, the affectionate entreaties of the sister, and the anxiety of the old nurse, are all admirably depicted. Mr. Scott has done himself great credit by the manner in which he has engraved this beautiful and impressive composition.

Views in the Department of the Isère and the High Alps. Lithographed by Louis Haghe, from Sketches by the Right Hon. Lord Monson. Dalton.

IT is very pleasing, and the more so on account of the rarity of the occurrence, to see a man of rank, property, and influence, not only amusing himself with his pencil, but submitting his productions to the observation and criticism of the public. With honourable candour, Lord Monson declares, in his Introduction, that these drawings "owe their sole merit to the incomparable skill and ability, in their transfer to the stone, of that accomplished artist Mr. Louis Haghe." No doubt they have derived the greatest advantage, in every respect, from having passed through the masterly hands of Mr. Haghe, at whose surpassing talents, and at whose indomitable industry, we are equally, and every day more and more, astonished; but, after making every just and fair allowance on that account, it is evident, were it simply from his choice of subjects, and of their points of view, that the noble lord has educated his eye to a very discriminating appreciation of the picturesque, both in form and in effect. However all that may be, the happy result is the publication of a series of the most charming lithographic drawings conceivable. They are twenty-two in number; are chiefly intended to illustrate "The Memoir of Felix Neff, by Dr. Gilly;" and comprehend a variety of scenes of contrasted beauty, sublimity, fertility, and desolation, the interest of which is greatly increased by Lord Monson's accompanying narrative (in French and English) of the memorable events of which those scenes were the localities.

Illustrations of the New Testament. By Frank Howard, Esq. Darton and Clark. THIRTEEN compositions, designed on stone, and intended for the use of schools and

domestic instruction; with texts and references to adapt them to a regular series of lessons in Scripture history. Although Mr. Howard does not seem to be perfectly familiar with lithographic materials, he is sufficiently so to communicate great expression and spirit to his drawings. Several of them, for instance, "The Sermon on the Mount," "The Wise Men from the East," "Little Children brought to Christ," "The Last Supper," and others, if, after the parts had been carefully studied from nature, they were painted, of the size of life, would make admirable altar-pieces. How is it that it does not occur to some of our noble and opulent connoisseurs, who talk of their disposition to cherish and encourage native talent, to give a few orders of that description? Surely the clergy of the present day, whatever they might have been in the times of Reynolds and Barry, are too intelligent to decline the acceptance of such works.

Lithographic Views of Military Operations in Canada, under His Excellency Sir John Colborne, G.C.B. &c., during the late Invasion. From Sketches by Lord Charles Beauclerk, Captain Royal Regiment. Accompanied by Notes, Historical and Descriptive. Flint.

WITHOUT advancing any pretensions to distinction as works of art, these views convey a very clear and intelligible idea of the operations in question; and their interest is much increased by the historical and descriptive notes.

Heath's Waverley Gallery of the Principal Female Characters in Sir Walter Scott's Romances and Poems. From Original Paintings by eminent Artists. Part I. Tilt.

THE volumes of Scott furnish inexhaustible materials for the pencil of the artist. The present publication is to consist of twelve parts, each containing three engravings. Our favourite in the part under our notice is "Alice Lee," engraved by H. Robinson, from a drawing by J. W. Wright.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MODERN ROMANCE OF MATRIMONIAL SPECULATIONS.

JEMIMA, love, just close the door,
I've fifty things to say;
Be serious, dear, and recollect
You're twenty-three to-day.
Now, though I do not blame you for't,
I never thought to see
Jemima Tompkins spinster still,
So late as twenty-three.
Sir Harry Jones—I always thought
You would be Lady J.
It was extremely singular
You let him get away.
Then Mr. Edwin Smith was warm—
A fortnight at the least;
He danced with you, and talked with you,
But there the matter ceased.
And now there's Captain Stevenson,
His figure is most striking—
Examine him next time you waltz,
I'm confident you'll like him.
His father is a baronet,
And he's the eldest son;
He likes you—so, if you like him,
The business will be done.
The captain is a bold young man,
And, maybe, never woo'd,
So, pr'ythee, if he kisses you,
Jemima, don't be rude.
Of course you need not kiss again,
For modesty has charms;
You'd best contrive to faint away,
But do it—in his arms.
But don't be long in coming to,—
And do it gently then;
Perhaps you may encourage him
To come and kiss again.
Come,—you and I must practise this,
For every body knows,
It is a very useful plan
To make the men propose.

Hark!—is not that the captain's knock?
His cab is at the door.
There, pr'ythee don't be flurried, love,—
What would you wish for more?
Sit in a pretty attitude—
There's your canary,—feed it,—
Or, stop—I know he loves Petrarch—
Here's "Dobson's Memoir,"—read it.

SNOOX.

THE BRIDE'S FATHER.

THE last kiss is given,—the last adieu sighed,—
The bridegroom's away with his beautiful bride;
Alone sits the father,—alone in his years,—
The mansion is silent,—the old man in tears!—
He thinks of her sweetness which soothed every care,
And he fondly looks up as expecting her there!—
Ah, when was the time he such sorrow had shewn,
And she came not?—but now the old man weeps alone!
And could he remember his fondness that threw
Fresh flowers o'er her path every moment she knew;
That granted each wish her light heart could prefer,
Who in the wide world had but her—only her!
Oh! Nature, how strange and unfeeling appears
This breaking of all the affections of years,
For one, who a summer ago was unknown;
Yet that one has her heart!—the old man weeps alone.
No, not for a crown,—as an emperor's bride,—
Had I quitted a father's affectionate side,
I'd thought on his evenings long, lonely, and dim,
And prized not a love unconnected with him;
Deem'd the one who would have soothed not my father's decline—
Howe'er he might love me—unworthy of mine!
Nor changed the affections' nesth which I had grown,
Nor left a fond father, old, cheerless, and lone.
C. SWAIN.

THE DRAMA.

Italian Opera.—Thursday night was signalled after the opera of the *Puritani* (sweetly sung by Grisi, Rubini, and Lablache), by the occurrence of an *O. P.-ra* row, which lasted till past one o'clock, and prevented a single step of the ballet or the new dancer, Madame Cerito, from being executed. The cry of the audience, headed by persons of high rank, was for the engagement of Tamburini; the subscribers being of opinion, that where the highest prices are extorted from them, the highest talent ought to be engaged to amuse them. To this Mr. Laporte (or rather, the parties behind the curtain who speculate in the Opera House, and whose representative he is) demurred, and half-a-dozen attempts were made to speechify and shuffle the public out of this just demand. But they would not endure the further encroachment, after the many that have been suffered; and the contest was continued till the curtain dropped, with a fair prospect of its being renewed with aggravated force and fury to-night. Indeed, when we consider the great profits, pretty well known to have been on the opera of last year, it does seem most shabby treatment of liberal supporters to retrench their pleasures in almost every possible way. Except F. Elssler, there has been no ballet, and this is May. The prices are raised, the entertainments lessened, and the number of nights limited. This would not be tolerated in any city in Europe, except in London, where the drama has been so long trodden down in every branch that we have got quite accustomed to ill usage, and like it as the eels like being skinned. The Opera managers, however, now that they are not only plumply pitted but firmly boxed, must yield to the general voice, or they will find reason to repent of their greed and obstinacy. It was ludicrous, but very tiresome, to see the *corps de ballet* for an hour and a half on the stage in their fantastic garbs, each individual,

"Apollo and the rest,"

looking like Patience on a monument, and waiting for the periodical return of Laporte to endeavour to evade the question. But nothing would do, and nothing was done.

Covent Garden.—On Tuesday, Love in a

Village was produced here, with a good cast, and well-dressed. Farren, Harrison, Fraser, Keeley, Mrs. C. Jones, and Miss Rainforth, supported the principal parts. The theatre, we are told, will shut about June 1.

On Thursday, the *Merry Wives of Windsor* was played with Mr. Bartley as *Falstaff*, and the dresses of the period of Queen Elizabeth, which appears to be rather anomalous. They were, however, very effective on the scene where her majesty's royal ancestry fought; and the two merry wives got through merrily. Some songs were introduced, as has been the custom heretofore, and though very agreeable in themselves, the custom is more honoured in the breach than in the observance.

At the *Haymarket* we have only to record continued and deserved success, and that our old friend Fitzwilliam has issued a bill of unusual attractions for his annual benefit on Monday next.

Olympic.—On Monday, and during the week, a laughable absurdity has been played with success. It is a sequel to the popular *Ladies' Club*, and entitled *The House of Ladies*. Fancy, indulged by Time, gets a peep at 1845, when the country is under petticoat government; and the dames who managed the husbands so well in the previous piece have extended their influence to managing the country, and become members of parliament, racers, gamblers, &c. &c.—in short, all that men are now. In the end, however, they break their charter by disagreement among themselves upon the rougex question, and some innuendo about ages, and return to their old position as the piece concludes. There is a good deal of fun in it, particularly in the *ad libitum* dressing. No doubt it will keep its place till the dissolution of the house—in Wych Street.

The Prince's Theatre.—The German operatic company opened on Monday, with the *Freyshütz*; and we hear that, together with several good singers, and a band well disciplined to play in concert, there is so sad a poverty in the getting up and ensemble, that it is not likely these performances will become very popular in London.

VARIETIES.

The Art-Union.—At the annual meeting in Mr. Rainy's rooms, in Regent Street, on Monday, we were so distant from the platform proceedings, that we could not make out the details. The Marquess of Northampton presided, and apparently a very satisfactory report was read, from which we gathered that the number of subscribers had risen to nearly 2000, and the amount of subscription to about 2250l. Some unimportant discussion ensued as to the mode of drawing the prizes, &c.; and, finally, the lottery for the year was submitted to the blind goddess (represented on this occasion by a young lady with very good eyes), and thanks having been voted to this fair dame for the trouble she had taken; to Mr. Rainy, for the use of his spacious gallery; and to the noble chairman for his judicious presidency, the meeting separated.

Photography.—Professor Dr. Berres has, after a series of experiments, discovered not only a way to fix for ever the heliographic or photographic images, delineated by means of the daguerreotype, on the prepared silver plate, but likewise an extremely simple method by which impressions of them may be taken. The new discovery is of incalculable importance to the arts, for by this means an object may be taken, fixed, and prepared for printing, in one hour's time. Dr. Berres will shortly publish an account of his discovery.—*From Vienna*.

St. Petersburg, 14th April.—Both Russian and foreign periodicals have frequently spoken of the interesting experiments of Professor Jacobi, to apply electro-magnetism as a moving power: his discovery of a means to obtain metallic impressions is likewise generally known. The galvano-plastic method, as he calls it, which dissolves the copper by a galvanic current, fixes it on different bodies, and forms models or casts of all possible productions of the arts, of engravings, &c. with such accuracy as cannot be attained in any other manner. He has applied for a patent for ten years, presenting a detailed description with the necessary drawings. The Board of Manufactures has decided that he is fully entitled to such a patent. But the Minister of Finance, who had already had an opportunity of applying the process of Professor Jacobi with great success in an imperial institution, being convinced of its great importance to the arts, has, after consulting Professor Jacobi, suggested to his majesty the emperor whether it might not be better to grant the discoverer, instead of a patent, the sum of 25,000 silver roubles, as a recompense for the service he had rendered to the sciences, arts, &c., on condition of his publishing a detailed account of his discovery, with the necessary drawings to illustrate it. His majesty has approved of this suggestion, and ordered the above sum to be paid to M. Jacobi. The account of his discovery, with all the present applications of it, will be shortly printed, and all the applications of it which M. Jacobi may make in future will also be published.

Antiquities.—On Tuesday last another of those interesting Roman remains, the Bartlow Hills, was explored under the direction of their noble proprietor, Lord Maynard, and afforded the usual rich treat to antiquarian research. A variety of beautiful sepulchral remains, some in fine preservation, were found, the particulars and descriptions of which we are promised next week. Lord and Lady Braybrooke with a large party, Professors Sedgwick, Henslow, and Whewell, and a large assemblage of ladies, were present on this interesting occasion.—*Cambridge Chronicle*.

Sir R. Seppings.—This distinguished naval architect died on the 25th, at a good old age. Many important improvements in the construction of vessels are due to his genius and indefatigable exertions.

Portrait of Prince Albert.—We are glad to hear that Prince Albert has become the proprietor of Miasini's pen-and-ink portrait of his royal highness, of which we spoke so favourably in a late *Literary Gazette*.

King's College.—At the Annual Meeting on Thursday a very favourable report was made of the flourishing condition of this excellent establishment.

Skating.—Notwithstanding the summer weather, we are told that a party of amateur skaters had a meeting on Monday, and exercised their graceful art on a piece of water sufficiently extensive, and frozen by artificial means.

SWEET Poesy, who cheereth many a one,
Hath many shapes. To him whose death is—
Hoar age—who sorroweth for youth gone by,
She is a fair-haired infant. To the lone
And sadden'd hermit, who with man hath done,
She is a bird, whose constant melody
Teacheth him love and wisdom. To the eye
Of eager youth she seemeth as his own
Sweet love—her face his chosen, most prized book,
And ever cometh she for good. The light
Is she that glideth all things—the clear brook
Feeding thought's flowers—the brightest of the bright
Among the thronged stars, to which men look
To find their fate among the gloom of night.—D. G. H.

Epitaph in Penhurst Church, Kent.

Here lyeth Wylm Darknelle Pson of this Place
endynge his Ministeri even this year of Grace
his Father and Mother, and Wyves 2 by name
80 84 48 60
John Jone and 2 Margarets all lived in good fame
thir severall ages who lyketh to knowe
over each of their names the figures do shewe
the sonnes and Daughters now sprong of this race
are Fyve score od in every place.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Mr. B. E. Pote announces immediately the "Shepherd Kings,—time of the Exodus, and Concordance of Manetho with Herodotus and Diodorus;" the delay in publication having arisen from the destruction of the original papers for the work.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

A Treatise on Shells and Shell-Fish, by W. Swainson, F.R.S.L.S. &c. fcap. 6s.—The Rural Life of England, by W. Howitt, Esq. 2d edition, 1 vol. 8vo. 21s.—Dictionary of the Art of Printing, by W. Savage, No. 1. 8vo. 1s. 6d.—Illustrated Biblical Chart of the Worship of God, 8vo. 6s.; or coloured, 10s.—Penmanship for Young Ladies; Letters in French, English, and Italian, 4to. 5s.—The Schoolboy's Holiday Companion, by T. Keble, 16mo. 1s. 6d.—Sketch of Chemistry, Practical and Applied, by J. Murray, fcap. 7s. 6d.—The Hieroglyphics of Harappo Nilous, by A. T. Cory, post 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Poems, chiefly Dramatic, edited by T. Hill Lowe, 12mo. 6s.—The History of the Holy War, by T. Fuller, new edition, fcap. 6s.—Illustrations of the Doctrine of the Church of England, fcap. 5s.—Godson, the Law of Patents, 2d edition, 8vo. 16s.—Bishop Cosin's History of Popish Transubstantiation, new edition, by the Rev. J. S. Brewer, 12mo. 6s.—Knox's Liturgy of the Church of Scotland, new edition, by the Rev. J. Cumming, 12mo. 5s.—Robinson Crusoe, illustrated by Grandville, 8vo. 15s.—Ingilston, by Grace Webster, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Bentham's Works, Part XIV., 8vo. 9s.—Lessons in Geography, by Mrs. J. Slater, 12mo. 6s.—Divine Breathings, 12mo. 1s.—The Sportsman in Ireland and Scotland, 2 vols. post 8vo. 18s.—The Interdict, a Novel, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.—Essays on the Church, new edition, fcap. 5s.—The School-Girl in France, a Narrative addressed to Christian Parents, fcap. 6s.—Jardine's Naturalist's Library, Vol. XXVII.: Fishes, &c.—Review of Lord Brougham's Translation of Demosthenes on the Crown, post 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Tweedie's Library of Medicine, Vol. 11. 10s. 6d.—Humble's Bible Questions, 3d edition, 12mo. 4s. 6d.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1840.

April.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday . . . 23	From 43 to 66	30.25 to 30.23
Friday . . . 24	40 . . . 71	30.20 . . 30.13
Saturday . . . 25	39 . . . 73	30.11 . . 30.12
Sunday . . . 26	40 . . . 72	30.17 . . 30.36
Monday . . . 27	39 . . . 73	30.28 . . 30.26
Tuesday . . . 28	40 . . . 74	30.22 . . 30.19
Wednesday 29	39 . . . 74	30.19 . . 30.20

Wind, south-west on the 23d and morning of the 24th; south-east on the afternoon of the 24th and following day; north on the 26th; north-east on the 27th; east on the 28th; and on the 29th, south-east in the morning and evening, and north-west in the afternoon.

Except the morning of the 29d, remarkably clear.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. P.'s "Ode to Spring" has some novel ideas, but we have not room, though she does come in a heavenly garment.

"Of budded beauty—bleach'd by the airs

Of tranquil moonlight,"

and with

"a hand

Of network woven to conceal her eye,"

We are reluctantly obliged to postpone our sixth letter on the Exhibition at the Louvre, our Geological report, and one or two other articles intended for this *Gazette*.

Mr. Spencer, by referring to *Lit. Gaz.* No. 1302, will find that our report of the proceedings of the Royal Institution explicitly states the period of the publication of his pamphlet, and directs attention to the original views and experiments therein contained. We commend Mr. Spencer for his generous spirit in regard to a patent for his invention, and congratulate him upon the successful application of voltaic agency to practical gilding, silvering, platinising, &c., an account of which, together with that of any improvements in the process, we should be happy to receive. The brown-paper diaphragms have been already noticed in our columns.

"Jack o' Hazeldean" we never heard a doubt of being written by Sir Walter Scott. We have again to repeat that few matters sent so late as Thursday can be attended to, and we are surprised at the disregard of this intimation (so often given) by old correspondents and publishers. Dr. Van Owen's letter on the persecution of the Jews is of no avail this week, in consequence of having been delayed till Friday morning.

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M. R. BENTLEY will immediately publish the following NEW WORKS:—

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